

FIFTY CENTS

APRIL 28, 1967

GREECE: The Palace Coup



VOL. 89 NO. 17

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



**Come up to the Kool taste.
Taste extra coolness
every time you smoke.**





**You have some real comers in your company.
But, if all you give them is salary, they may become
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Prudential understands that no company wants to be a training ground for competitors.

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Just remember. When it comes to protecting any future—personal or business—this you can count on: Prudential understands.



Prudential understands

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

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Talk about busy! We've got about umpteen new projects in the works. And every one's designed to bring you even better *fence, nails, welded reinforcing fabric*; and a wide range of *low and high carbon industrial wire*.

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Our bold new step in steelmaking calls for the bold new corporate symbol you see above and at left. Using the "C" from Continental and the "S" from Steel, it symbolizes the processing of steel into finished products. When you look for quality, look for the mark of Continental Steel.



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A smashing answer to ho-hum drinks.

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And only Taylor is privileged to bring you this delicate brandy. All the way from storied Austria. With all its wonderful memories of the civilized pleasures a great empire was famous for.

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Between great music and a great brandy, things ought to get going.

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Illustrated: THE KENMOOR in cashmere calf, black 92604, chestnut 93639, hand stained brown 93602, forest 93633, golden harvest 93631; in cordovan, black 92612, brown 93605.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, April 26

HALLMARK HALL OF FAME (NBC, 7:30-9 p.m.). "Soldier in Love," an original drama set in 18th century England that recounts the story of Sir Winston Churchill's ancestors John and Sarah Churchill, who married to the dismay of their respective families but to the delight of Queen Anne. Starring Jean Simmons, Claire Bloom, Keith Michell, Basil Rathbone and Roy Poole.

Thursday, April 27

TWIGGY IN NEW YORK (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.). Photographer Bert Stern catches the lanky Britisher looking at New York and New Yorkers as they stare back.

ABC STAGE 67 (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). James Mason in John Le Carré's "Dare I Weep, Dare I Mourn," a tale of an ingenious escape from East Germany. Repeat.

Saturday, April 29

THE SAM SNEAD GOLF SHOW (ABC, 4:30-5 p.m.). Sam starts an instructional series that includes a helpful round with an elderly duffer at Firestone Country Club in Akron, Ohio. Première.

Sunday, April 30

EXPERIMENT IN TELEVISION (NBC, 4-5 p.m.). Author George Plimpton (*The Paper Lion*) hosts "Movies in the Now Generation," eight short films made by students in England, Poland, Belgium and the U.S.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). "Conquering the Sea." A look at all the strange and wonderful tools being developed for mankind to exploit the ocean depths—with fish ranches, coal and diamond mines, even hydroelectric stations to generate power.

THE PILL (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). Hugh Downs hosts a special edition of the *Today* show that tries to place the birth control pill in medical and moral perspective through interviews with medical authorities, clergy and users of the contraceptive.

Monday, May 1

ZERO HOUR (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). Zero Mostel in a one-man concert of singing, dancing and comedy.

Tuesday, May 2

THE NATIONAL SCIENCE TEST (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Having already tested its viewers on driving, health, income tax and politics, CBS now wants to find out how much they know about the sciences.

THEATER

On Broadway

YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING. Robert Anderson splashes sex around and raises a steady spray of humor for Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart and George Grizzard, who develop his four playlets with insouciant grace and professional skill.

THE HOMECOMING. An arid intellectual and his sex-paroled wife arrive in London from the U.S. to visit his bull walrus of a father and two brothers in a house the family calls the "land of no holds barred."

* All times E.S.T. through April 29; E.D.T. from then on.



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How to save time when moving up.

Many people foul up when they move up. They make several phone calls, listen to several pitches, then go with the lowest guess. They're amateurs. But you're a moving up person. You know enough to go with the experts from North

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There, you're all moved... the North American way.

That's really being efficient. Intelligent, too. And a North American move doesn't go unnoticed. People who count know you had the good sense to...

Move up with North American... it costs no more.

Ask about new Budget Plan Moving... very practical for Junior Executives

NORTH AMERICAN VAN LINES

The GENTLEmen of the Moving Industry



He eventually flees, but she stays on—with pleasure. Members of the Royal Shakespeare Company give the latest puzzle from playwright Harold Pinter a polished, tempered performance.

BLACK COMEDY. When the lights are supposed to be on, the stage is totally dark; when the lights are supposed to be off, the stage is ablaze, allowing the audience to see Peter Shaffer's electrically amusing farce about antics in the dark.

CABARET has nothing beneath its glossy veneer but another veneer. The musical version of *I Am a Camera* strikes notes of originality in its production but merely plays the old saws in its book and score.

Off Broadway

HAMP tries a British youth for deserting when the blood and din of World War I overwhelm him. Though innocent of evil, he is guilty of breach of duty, and must be condemned. Robert Salvo is movingly effective as the frightened Private Hamp.

RECORDS

Orchestral

A TOSCANINI TREASURY OF HISTORIC BROADCASTS (RCA Victor; 5 LPs) Lest we forget that the maestro of maestros was born 100 years ago, RCA has released this album of some of his legendary performances. Haydn, Mozart, Brahms and Sibelius are all represented, but the album's hit is the U.S. premiere of Shostakovich's *Seventh Symphony*, which was composed in 1941 in honor of the besieged city of Leningrad. A crucifixion of the score was soon whisked out of Russia and into Toscanini's hands. Conducting his NBC Symphony, he draws forth all the pity, terror and courage in this powerful sound picture of the Nazi invasion of Russia.

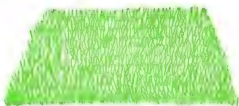
VARESE: ARCANIA (RCA Victor) Jean Martinon and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra attack the late Edgard Varèse's exciting, if twitchy, rhythms. *Arcania* was completed by 1927, but it still sounds avant-garde, because it makes "absolute music" with a heckelphone, coconuts and more than 120 other instruments. Intriguing though it may be, *Arcania* sounds more like warring fusillades than music.

NIELSEN: SYMPHONY NO. 8 (Columbia) While Varèse was wholeheartedly knocking coconuts, Danish Composer Carl Nielsen was less jovially contemplating the death of romanticism. In Nielsen's bitter, instructive and humorous *Sinfonia Semplice*, sweet strains are brutally harangued by sneering trombones and the icy tinkles of glockenspiel and triangles. In spite of the symphony's warning of the long winter's night ahead for music, Eugene Ormandy and his Philadelphia Orchestra succeed in realizing Nielsen's hope of making it "as lively and gay as possible."

BRUCKNER: SYMPHONY NO. 3 (Columbia) Bruckner's favorite instrument, an organ in an Austrian monastery, stands over his grave. Viennese was maliciously commented that his music sounded as if he had been buried by an organ long before he was dead. But Wagner compared Bruckner's ideas to Beethoven's, and Bruckner dedicated his *Third Symphony* to his mentor at Bayreuth. The Cleveland Orchestra is Scellously conducted through Bruckner's poignant lyricism—but somewhat banal melodies.

SCHUMANN: "SPRING" SYMPHONY (Angel) Schumann composed his *First Symphony* in honor of his honeymoon year

The original miracle fiber

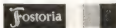


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A little Turf Builder keeps it thick and green and beautiful year after year.
We call it grass.

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This unit has so raised operating efficiency that another is on order. In 1968, it will be polishing condensate for a boiler more than twice the capacity of #2.

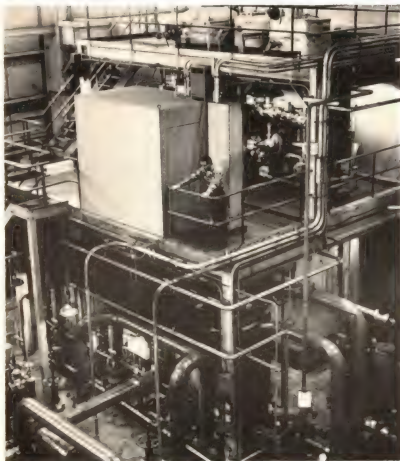
There are Crane-Cochrane water conditioning units to handle most water problems. For processing


foods . . . producing textiles . . . or making paper products. Wherever you use water, proper conditioning provides maximum efficiency through better product quality and lower maintenance costs.

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In France
and 36 other love-struck
countries.

'Intimate'...cherished as one
of the world's
seven great fragrances.

Intimate Spray Mist
by Revlon.

with Clara, and it is one of the happiest works by this tragic composer. Otto Klemperer's exuberant conducting helps to make this recording another ideal series of melodies for spring.

MOZART, SYMPHONIES NOS. 39 AND 36 (Deutsche Grammophon). Frozen souls and friend spirits can always warm themselves before the fire of Mozart's impudent joy. The master may never have heard his own 39th Symphony played, because he probably composed it for a private concert that never materialized, but it has since become one of Mozart's most welcome though familiar works. Karl Böhm and the Berlin Philharmonic give it, and the less often played "Lute" Symphony on the other side, their evoked due.

CINEMA

ACCIDENT Screenwriter Harold Pinter and Director Joseph Losey probe the inner anxiety of a group of Oxford dons, students and wives, and find more bone than flesh.

THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE. Too many shoes of cutie-pie and dance interludes as spurious as bathtub gin make this excursion back to the 20s thoroughly maudlin.

LA VIE DE CHÂTEAU. A farce about the German occupation of Normandy which proves that the flip side of war and the flop side of marriage can be equally funny.

ULYSSES. Director Joseph Strick has fashioned, if not the best, certainly not the worst possible film version of James Joyce's novel, assisted by a fine cast of actors (particularly Milo O'Shea as Bloom) who ring as true as Irish shillings.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. The Burtons and Director Franco Zeffirelli have mounted the liveliest screen incarnation of Shakespeare since Olivier's *Henry V*.

PERSONA. A famous actress (Liv Ullmann) and a nurse (Bibi Andersson) exchange personalities in this absorbing movie directed by Sweden's Ingmar Bergman.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING. This movie version of the 1961 Broadway hit musical succeeds by sticking close to the original, but also disappoints by not really trying for fresh cinematic values.

FALSTAFF. Actor Orson Welles has caught more of the dark than the light side of Shakespeare's pun-prone, fun-filled roisterer, and Director Welles's amalgam of five of the historical plays is often stonily dull, despite some sparks of genius.

LA GUERRE EST FINIE. A peek through the other end of the spyglass, as French Director Alain Resnais examines the mind and mores of a Communist infiltrator left over from the Spanish Civil War but still traveling the dreadnail.

YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW. Peter Kastner heads a cast that includes Julie Harris, Elizabeth Hartman, Geraldine Page and Rip Torn in this date, though not always deft, first effort by Director Francis Ford Coppola.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE UNICORN GIRL by Caroline Gilen. A rangy, clumsy 13-year-old goes off to Girl Guide camp to find a few friends but finds herself instead. Along the way, novelist Gilen points out some of the hilariously modified drills the Guides perform with alarming English intensity.

JOURNEY THROUGH A HAUNTED LAND: THE NEW GERMANY, by Amos Elon. A searching and compassionate study of today's Ger-

many by an Israeli journalist who never forgets that he could have been a victim of yesterday's Germany.

DISRAELI, by Robert Blake. The wiles and wit of Britain's most prodigious Victorian Prime Minister, whose life as recounted in this excellent biography proves even richer than the many versions of its myth.

FATHERS, by Herbert Gold. A basically sentimental celebration of fatherhood. Jewish fatherhood, in particular—that rises above itself because of the author's high craftsmanship, fine irony and strong sense of the absurd.

THE MURDERERS AMONG US: THE WIESENTHAL MEMOIRS, edited by Joseph Wechsberg. The incredible career of Nazi Hunter Simon Wiesenthal, who brought Adolf Eichmann and 800 other war criminals to justice.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL. This candid account of his early life and career by old (94) Mathematician-Philosopher Russell lightly explores and explains his curious preoccupation with the irrational and mystical quotient in human mathematics.

A SPORT AND A PASTIME, by James Salter. A promising new novelist tells in a new way that oldest of stories: boy meets girl. Cool, compelling and brilliantly written.

THE FISH CAN SING, by Halldor Laxness. The foggy, fusty Iceland of a few generations ago, beautifully evoked by a Nobel prizewinner.

MAY WE BORROW YOUR HUSBAND? AND OTHER COMEDIES OF THE SEXUAL LIFE, by Graham Greene. While sex is the name of the game in this collection of short stories, Old Pro Greene thoroughly gilds the libido with the sensibilities of an informed heart.

A MEETING BY THE RIVER, by Christopher Isherwood. Lums sharply contrasting portraits of brothers—one saintly, the other venal. Esthetically, at least, evil triumphs: the evil brother ranks with Sally Bowles and Arthur Norris among Isherwood's most likable rogues.

THE CHOSEN, by Chaim Potok. Another hearty bowl of New York Jewish chicken soup, though this time the rebellion against orthodoxy is set against a background of Brooklyn in the waning days of World War II.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (1 last week)
2. *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*, Crichlow (12)
3. *The Eighth Day*, Wilder (6)
4. *Capable of Honor*, Drury (3)
5. *The Captain*, De Hartog (4)
6. *Valley of the Dolls*, Susann (5)
7. *Tales of Manhattan*, Auchincloss (9)
8. *The Birds Fall Down*, West
9. *The Time is Noon*, Buck
10. *The Mask of Apollo*, Renault (8)

NONFICTION

1. *The Death of a President*, Manchester (8)
2. *Madame Sarah*, Skinner (1)
3. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (3)
4. *Edgar Coyote: The Sleeping Prophet*, Stuart (2)
5. *Paper Lion*, Plimpton (5)
6. *Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control*, . . . Friendly
7. *Games People Play*, Berns (4)
8. *The Jury Returns*, Nizer (7)
9. *Inside South America*, Gunther (6)
10. *The Arrangement of Power*, Fulbright

NOW! CHOICE OF 7 FRIGIDAIRE WORK-SAVERS HAND-SAVERS • TIME-SAVERS HEALTH-SAVERS • FROWN-SAVERS

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Model DW-C1ML, shown in Two-Tone Tahitian Green. Available in other colors.

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They're **HAND-SAVERS** ... just see if your skin doesn't look smoother soon.

They're **TIME-SAVERS** because you simply roll the dishwasher to the sink, load it up, hook it up, turn it on. No need to pre-rinse. They're **HEALTH-SAVERS** because they get dishes a lot cleaner than hand washing, and a hot water wash helps sanitize dishes for the whole family.

They're **FROWN-SAVERS** because they carry our **EXCLUSIVE 5-YEAR WARRANTY**—1-Year Warranty for repair of any defect, plus 4-year Protection Plan (parts only) for furnishing replacement for any defective part in the motor, pump or water circulating system.

Save yourself for nicer things than doing dishes! See all 7 and pick your favorite at your Frigidaire Dealer's ... soon!

P.S.—An extra convenience with all 4 Dishmobiles ... each can convert to a built-in any time later.



For best performance in your Frigidaire Dishwasher use a special detergent like Cascade. Cascade furnishes a free, full-sized sample for each new Frigidaire Dishwasher and shares the cost of this advertisement by mutual agreement.

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Food for thought:

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There is also no apparent end to the variety of cuisine you can charge on the

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LETTERS

Blisters from the March

Sir: Your frivolous treatment of the "Spring Mobilization to End the War in Viet Nam" [April 21] was in keeping with the foolishness of the event itself.

Nevertheless, however ridiculous the demonstrations appeared on the surface, they were anything but funny to several million American servicemen.

KENNETH F. STRICKLAND
Captain, U.S.A.F.

Arlington, Va.

Sir: From TIME's article and photographs, one would think that the demonstrators were almost exclusively New Leftists, acidheads, pacifists, young, and not to be taken seriously.

TIME neglected to mention the veterans, many wearing campaign ribbons and decorations, who participated. TIME neglected to mention the many groups of professional people who marched; teachers and medical groups were well represented. My impression of the crowd was one of middle-class respectability. The turned-out, turned-in, dropped-out set was a minority. Yes, Stokely Carmichael shot off his mouth, but he was more than counterbalanced by the reasoned arguments of the other speakers. Yes, there were some radicals and fanatics and Viet Cong flags. They were more than counterbalanced by the overwhelming majority of participants—everyday people who believe that patriotic demands more than unquestioning support of one's government, who remember that the standard defense at Nuremberg was "I only followed orders."

PETER VANADIA

Manhattan

Sir: The march was not "fun." It was an exhausting six hours on foot; it rained; we were all cold and hungry.

You failed to capture the spirit of the marchers. The general attitude transcended that of the painted teenyboppers; celery, crackers and candy bars being passed through the crowd; patient waiting at every corner; ten strangers huddling together under one umbrella. The high spirits of the march did not stem from a lack of seriousness but from the good feeling of representing important ideals.

Maybe the march accomplished nothing concrete. Maybe its principles are too impractical for our Great Society. Love, brotherhood, peace: that's what the march was about. You should have been there.

NORA K. LAFLEY
ANN KIRLING

Connecticut College
New London

Measuring the Giant

Sir: As a naturalized American citizen and a New York resident for 20 years, I wish to congratulate you *courtoismente* for your benign, brave, boisterous, blatant, beautiful and very belated cover story [April 21] on my always beloved Brazil.

R. CHARLES EASTWOOD

Manhattan

Sir: Some day, I keep hoping, you will grow out of this thing you have for dictators and stop your juvenile sneering over every two-bit muscle man who comes along promising to make the trains run on time by jailing every lefty and long-hair in sight. Now you're whitewashing your new Brazilian hero with the same holy water you have sprinkled so smugly over similar

free-world saviors, such as Thailand's boss. This brings to mind your fairy tales about Dien ten years back. If we are to avoid getting ensnared in other tragedies like Viet Nam, magazines like yours had better start telling it like it is.

JAMES STANBERY

San Pedro, Calif.

Jockey Club

Sir: While general congratulations are due you for "Weighing In for '68" [April 14], I take issue with your minimization of our Draft Kennedy movement.

There were 60 favorable replies to our letter to former convention delegates (not 28 as you reported), and three of these former delegates—including former Congressman Charles D. Porter—are members of our National Coordinating Committee. Even more impressive was the fact that we received only 65 negative responses. Other prominent Democrats have privately encouraged us, but for their own reasons have seen fit to withhold public support.

There are now 43 Citizens for Kennedy-Fulbright chapters in 22 states, including two in I.B.E.'s home state of Texas (Austin and San Antonio). We boast a membership of nearly 4,000 in 48 states plus the District of Columbia. This "draft movement" has only just begun. We expect to have an even larger impact in the future.

MARTIN SHEPARD, M.D.

National Chairman
Citizens for Kennedy-Fulbright
Manhattan

Sir: An interesting assessment of the presidential hopefuls. I thought the description of Rockefeller especially apt. It would be a shame if a man of his proved ability and statesmanship were overlooked on the basis of an event in his personal life, the details of which the public is rightfully ignorant about.

THOMAS SHELTON

Middlebury, Vt.

Sir: You mention Reagan as a presidential possibility. But the first 100 days of his administration show confusion, ineptness, destructive programs, and a disregard for the welfare of the people. He and his advisers, wealthy reactionaries, have placed the dollar above human rights, offered nothing creative or constructive. If good looks, a nice smile and a mouthful of beautiful teeth are the requisites for the presidency, he has all the qualifications.

W. JACOBS

San Francisco

Sir: Holy Toledo! One of the best TIME covers I've seen. Conrad even makes good play on the brand name of the scales that we see in butcher shops and bus stations from Rocky's New York to Ronnie's California. Truly a picture worth a thousand votes. Let's have more of Conrad as the boys jockey for position on the way to the starting gate.

(PRC.) RICHARD L. PALATUCCI

Fort Knox, Ky.

Sir: Your cover is frightfully delightful. But why did Conrad exclude that political perennial? In other words, where the hell is Stassen? Surely that is not Childe Har-olde in the background staring angrily over the right shoulder of Gorgeous George?

JIM LOWRY

Dallas

Sir: Conrad has pictured Richard Nixon in checkered silks, supposedly symbolizing the dog checkers. But, as any sports-minded person can see, Nixon's checkered silks represent the checkered flag used for winners.

HENRY KOPITZKE

Riverside, Calif.

Go East...

Sir: While we would have to disagree with a number of individual pronouncements in "The Unpleasant Reality," your article on East Germany [April 7], we do applaud the initiative shown by TIME in exploring this neglected topic. We agree wholeheartedly with the "Letter from the Publisher" when it says that East Germany "is in many ways a crucial area in a new Europe of growing East-West contacts" and that "less is known about it" than about "any other of Eastern Europe's Communist countries."

For these reasons we are planning as a cooperative venture of the Great Lakes Colleges Association a summer institute for 1968 at Kenyon College devoted to the study of the German Democratic Republic and aimed at an objective assessment of what has been termed "the German problem." Since we have found it simple to travel in East Germany, the institute program will entail a four-week study tour there.

(PROF.) EDMUND P. HECHT

Kenyon College
Gambier, Ohio

Unsaid

Sir: In your story on the Vanderbilt symposium [April 21] you state: "Heard says that unless he gets a 'substantial' vote of confidence, he will quit." To correct the

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record, I have not said this or anything similar publicly or privately.

ALEXANDER HEARD
Chancellor

Vanderbilt University
Nashville, Tenn.

All Saints

Sir: "Prosperity and Protest" [April 14] is insufficiently researched.

The charge that Mormons are unconcerned with politics and community service is contradicted by the fact that the percentage of Mormons in Congress is at least twice the percentage of Mormons in the U.S., and by the fact that not only the 12,800 missionaries but all Latter-Day Saints try to perfect the community through the home. No other religious group in the country is taught so early in life to respect and support the Constitution.

Social pressures do not change Mormon doctrine. It was not a "new revelation" that led Mormons to abandon polygamy but laws passed by Congress and upheld by the court of last resort—and Mormons obey the law of the land.

W. RED GUSTAFSON

Tokyo

Sir: Your fangs are showing. Compare the inconspicuous, comfortable garment of the Mormon with the medieval, bulky garb of the Catholic nun or priest—which is the "quaint tradition?"

Is the extent of Mormon holdings supposed to be greater or a more closely guarded secret than the extent of Catholic holdings?

Revelation is not subject to the whims of expediency: it is unlikely to be hurried to affect a political campaign. Members of the priesthood must love all people, and it is easy to see why the Lord would consider it unfair to require this of Negroes at this time. We can be sure the priesthood will be granted the Negro at the best time for his welfare, not when TIME deems it right. Any Mormon who calls it a "problem" that doctrine can be changed only by revelation is not a good Mormon—revelation is the heart of our church.

MARGORIE WHITTEMORE

Daytona Beach, Fla.

Sir: As a former "Saint" from "Zion," I must enlighten you on another closely guarded secret of the Mormon Church: once a member always a member.

The membership figure of 2,600,000 includes several thousand "defectors" like myself and family who chose another religion and requested that our names be removed from the rolls. We were informed that to have our names removed from the church membership, we would have to appear before a "bishop's court" for heresy charges. Thus Mormon Church membership figures are as accurate as Billy Graham's pledge-card tally.

KENNETH N. TAYLOR

Lake Hopatcong, N.J.

Fellowship of Seekers

Sir: I thought your article on the survey of Unitarians [April 14] was fair and accurate—as far as it went. The trouble is, too many people know what Unitarians don't believe in (the divinity of Christ, the virgin birth, etc.), and too few know what we do believe in.

For Unitarians, the emphasis is on deeds rather than creeds. We believe that morality has more to do with the human use of human beings than with ecclesiastical laws supposedly handed down on

Mount Sinai. Unitarianism accommodates a range of viewpoints, from the mysticism of a Ralph Waldo Emerson to the profound humanism of an Adlai Stevenson, because Unitarians recognize the tentative nature of all human knowledge. We refuse to straitjacket ourselves with fixed creeds because we want to be open to new truth as it unfolds—and therein lies our faith: we're a fellowship of seekers rather than of people who presume to know.

R. EUGENE BULLOCK

First Unitarian Society of West Newton
Newtonville, Mass.

The Right to Fly

Sir: It is distressing that the Navy has suggested a moratorium on airline flying of military pilots [April 14]. Consider the feelings of a Navy pilot who has returned to the U.S. after having flown 200 combat missions over North Viet Nam. He has completed his 5½ year obligated service, and is now looking forward to entering the civilian community. Is he to find that if his choice of employment is with an airline, he is being discriminated against because of his former job? Has he risked his life to help preserve one basic freedom, that of self-determination, in another country only to discover that in so doing he has deprived himself of another basic freedom in his own country?

JOAN MILES

White Plains, N.Y.

Crobs Over Lobsters

Sir: Your survey of services in the skies [April 14] opened my eyes to the absurdities of competition as conspicuous consumption. Does the passenger really exist who will, all essentials being equal, forsake Airline X's wide-screen movies for Airline Y's unpronounceable desserts? He would more likely, offered the choice, forsake miniskirts for mini-fares, secure in the knowledge that the stewardess is more adept at use of emergency equipment and exits than at a quick change for dinner. Scuttling the seven events might even give her the leisure to furnish the aspirin someone requested ten minutes ago.

Competing airlines won't win us with luxury but with actual service. They will win us when getting to the airport isn't half the trip, when they eliminate the ten-minute baggage check and the 20-minute walk to the gate, when they depart and arrive on schedule, when they no longer sacrifice safety for speed, size and splendor, when they subtract the gold tassels and lobster thermidor from the cost of our fare.

MARGARET L. BOWERS

Milwaukee

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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Prosurance.

(Don't ask your secretary to look it up in the dictionary.*)



* Instead, ask her to paste this entry in the margin, and bring your dictionary up to date:

pro-sur'ance (prô-shûr'âns), n. 1. Act of prosuring. 2. Insurance extended to provide positive benefits, in addition to indemnity. 3. Provision for gain, as well as against loss, within the service of an insurance carrier to its policyholder and to the public.

There's a new word in the

Wausau Story

You won't find "prosurance" in your office dictionary. The word is too new. But you'll be hearing about it among the "in group"—the real pros—of business insurance.

Prosurance is the name for a sophisticated concept of business insurance, written and serviced by professionals for the professional business-insurance market.

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TIME APRIL 28 1967

TIME, APRIL 20, 1907

James R. Shepley

In the post-abstract expressionist era of the '60s, modern art has been racing ahead at a frantic clip that is a challenge to its chroniclers. In recent years the editors have taken the readers through the worlds of pop and op (a TIME coinage, by the way) and on to kinetic and minimal. This week it's luminal. In a wide-ranging story, the Art section surveys the work of a new group of practitioners who "paint" in light. As usual in TIME, the story is supported by a portfolio of color illustrations.

We have long made liberal use of color engravings—which happen to be expensive but which, we feel, are indispensable to art journalism. As early as 1934 we ran color to support a story about American artists, including Thomas Hart Benton and Grant Wood. Since May 1951, Art has run color illustrations as a regular feature—1,413 color pages all told. "Black and white photography," says Senior Editor Cranston Jones, who is in charge of the Art section, "leaves out an essential element of the artist's statement."

We have photographed works of art around the world, in museums, churches and palaces. André Malraux has said that color reproductions have created a "museum without walls"; we like to think that TIME can be something of a museum between covers.

We pay due attention, of course, to classic as well as modern art, but it is the new and bizarre forms that pose special problems for the critic and the photographer—as we found again in working on the story about the luminists. They are very serious about their seemingly playful work, and their background is apt to be broader—or at any rate more technical—than that of the traditional artist. Their experience includes such

far-away fields as nuclear physics, optics and electronics. "They are of the technical age," says Piri Halasz, who wrote the story, "but they remain artists primarily." Researcher Leah Gordon found Nuclear Engineer Earl Reiback's projection technology so complicated that she brought along Science Researcher Sydnor Vanderschmidt to help her interview him.

One of the works shown no longer exists; it was a series of projections from a machine called *Claylux*, which its inventor, Thomas Willred, has since dismantled. Fortunately, before doing so, he photographed the projections. Not an easy thing to do, as our lensmen learned when they tried to focus on the moving, blinking, flashing machines. Said Photographer Frank Lerner: "To give the idea of light in motion was a difficult assignment because there is no such thing as a norm." He repeatedly went back for retakes; his subjects never looked the same. "I came back so often that I began to feel like *The Man Who Came to Dinner* at the gallery."

ONE hundred years ago, four of the colonies of what was then British North America formed a confederation. From that "union of scattered outposts in a vast territory," in the words of Canadian Prime Minister Lester Pearson, evolved modern Canada. To salute the nationwide centennial and Expo 67, which begins in Montreal April 28, Time Inc. last week opened an expo of its own in the Time & Life Building Exhibition Center in Manhattan. The show consists of models of the Montreal fair's pavilions, a diorama of the fair, films and works by Canadian artists. The exhibition is free to the public and will run through June 11.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

April 28, 1967

Vol. 89, No. 17

THE NATION

THE WAR

One-Way Traffic on a Two-Way Street

"Escalation" is one of those windy words that are foisted on the public by military bureaucrats, interminably parroted by the press and kept in the vernacular long after losing any real meaning. Though the word—let alone its antonym, de-escalation—appears in neither *Webster's Second* nor the *Oxford English* dictionary, it has become synonymous with the U.S. commitment to Viet Nam. More specifically, it has become a pejorative term encompassing any American increase in the level of fighting.

Escalation has thus become a one-way word on what is clearly a two-way street. For the truth is that while Washington has steadily increased its military commitment to Viet Nam since early 1965, Hanoi has been busily intensifying its own participation in the war for even longer—since 1954, in fact. Last week, in half a dozen areas, both sides were stepping up—or escalating—the war.

In the South, the Viet Cong were embarked on a new wave of terrorism aimed at thwarting village elections (see following story). In the Demilitarized Zone and in I (pronounced eye) Corps, the area comprising South Viet Nam's five northernmost provinces, there was an ominous upsurge in Communist mili-

tary preparations, prompting the Allies to send in heavy reinforcements. North of the 17th parallel, the U.S. air war was measurably intensified by the first bombing raids within the city limits of Haiphong, North Viet Nam's second city and principal port.

New Bulge? For U.S. military planners, I Corps and the DMZ were the most worrisome peril points—particularly with 65,000 main-force enemy troops and local guerrillas infesting the five provinces and at least 35,000 North Vietnamese regulars poised just above the DMZ. Two weeks ago, the Communists overran and briefly occupied the provincial capital of Quang Tri. Since then they have beamed warnings at the ancient imperial capital of Hue that it may be next on their list.

The situation in I Corps, said U.S. Pacific Commander Admiral U.S. Grant Sharp in Washington last week, is "tight, very tight." Said South Viet Nam's Foreign Minister Tran Van Do during a Washington meeting with representatives of the six nations¹ that have sent troops to his country: "I cannot exclude the possibility of larger-scale invasion. Our two northern provinces of Quang Tri and Thua Thien are presently under terrible pressure." Columnist Joseph Alsop believes that "a new Battle of the Bulge" may be in the making. "Everything is now to be gambled [by Hanoi] to reverse the war's unfavorable trend," predicts Alsop, "by achieving a Dienbienphu-like success against American troops in I Corps." U.S. Pacificification Chief Robert Komer, a World War II combat historian, agrees that a climactic battle may be imminent, but compares it to Saint-Lô, when the Allies burst out of the Normandy perimeter and began the great sweep to Berlin. There may be hard fighting ahead for the U.S., but once the I Corps challenge is met, Komer implies, it may prove to be "a downhill run."

Long-Term Confrontation. Few military men expect Hanoi to launch a full-scale invasion across the DMZ—though Sharp says: "I just hope they do. Then we can use our firepower." But most experts foresee a bitter, long-term confrontation in I Corps, where the Communists' supply lines and infiltration routes are shortest. For that reason,



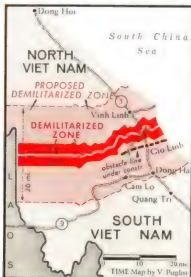
PHANTOM TAKING OFF FROM "KITTY HAWK"
More difficult with the lights out.

the U.S. has airlifted nearly a full Army division into the area, while the South Vietnamese have rushed in three elite battalions to augment the thinly stretched forces on the spot—Lieut. General Lewis Walt's 75,000 U.S. Marines, two understrength South Vietnamese army divisions and three Korean battalions.

As a result, American strength is being thinned out elsewhere and some top-echelon planners believe that a total of 600,000 Americans will now be needed in Viet Nam instead of the 475,000 planned for the end of 1967. This week General William Westmoreland and his top Saigon manpower experts are to discuss in Washington the subject of ground reinforcements.

Mini-Maginot. To prepare for a major Communist offensive in I Corps, Allied engineers last week were bulldozing a 220-yd.-wide "death zone" across the Quang Tri plain, some two miles south of the DMZ. The project, brainchild of South Vietnamese Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, is reminiscent of the two 20-ft.-high walls built just north of the 17th parallel by the Nguyen dynasty in the 1630s in a vain effort to discourage invaders from the north.

Ultimately "the Obstacle," as military men call it, will stretch from the foothills of the Annamese Cordillera, the spiny range that bisects I Corps, to the



¹ The U.S., the Republic of Korea, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand and Thailand.

South China Sea—a twelve-mile corridor bristling with barbed wire, minefields, sensing devices, pillboxes and watchtowers. Its function will be to provide a wide field of fire in case of attack, but U.S. officers privately scorn it as a kind of mini-Maginot Line that will cost far more than it is worth. For one thing, V.C. mortars are zeroed in on the zone and have already killed four men and wounded 62. For another, the corridor will stop before it reaches the mountains—which is precisely where the Communist infiltration routes begin.

To defuse the dangerous situation, Secretary of State Dean Rusk suggested that both sides pull back ten miles from the six-mile-wide DMZ, creating a 26-mile neutral belt that would be policed by an international commission. Rusk's sensitivity to charges of escalation may well have prompted the plan; with the U.S. strengthening its forces in the area, he wanted to be on record with an offer to start talking before the U.S. starts shooting. Predictably, Hanoi thumbed down the proposal as "a trick."

In the face of such intransigence, the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization's Council of Ministers ended a three-day meeting in Washington last week with a demand for "reciprocity" from the North in exchange for any Allied reduction in the fighting. But the prospects that Hanoi will accept a mutual step-down are as remote as ever. "We can't get the other side even to whisper to us behind the hand," complained Rusk.

Not Even a Whisper. With Hanoi obviously unwilling to talk—or even whisper—the U.S. significantly stepped up its bombing attacks last week in an effort to reduce the North's capacity to send troops and weapons into the South. Air Force pilots destroyed a 60-car freight train and repeatedly struck an

army training center near Hanoi—on one occasion getting embroiled in dog-fights with 17 MIGs that cost one U.S. plane and possibly five of the enemy's.

The Haiphong raids hit two thermal power plants—only a bare mile from the downtown business center, the other 2.1 miles away. Nearly 160 Navy jets took part, swooping off the decks of the attack carriers *Kitty Hawk* and *Ticonderoga* to strike at noon and again 43 hours later. Dumping almost 150 tons of bombs on the plants, the strikes destroyed 80% of their generating capacity—and 12% of the North's total power supply—without losing a single plane. As one pilot said on his return to the *Kitty Hawk*: "There are no lights to night in Haiphong."

The raids, said Rear Admiral David C. Richardson, whose Task Force 77 carriers launched the jets, "will show some people that their sanctuaries are not what they think they are." A few off-limits areas remain nonetheless—Haiphong's port facilities and its huge cement plant. Hanoi's industries, the MIG airfields and the dikes that channel water to the Red River rice bowl. Whether they, too, are eventually bombed may well depend on what the three or four North Vietnamese divisions along the DMZ decide to do. If they come on down, the bombing is likely to intensify and U.S. officers in the South are likely to get all the reinforcements that they request. And in that event, Hanoi—for a change—will be clearly branded the escalator.

Blood on the Ballot

One form of Communist "escalation" that critics of the war generally overlook is much in evidence. As General William Westmoreland points out in a speech this week to the Associated Press

managing editors at Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria hotel during one of his rare stateside visits: "During the past nine years, 53,000 Vietnamese—a large share of them teachers, policemen and elected or natural leaders—have been killed or kidnapped. Translated to the United States, that would be more than 600,000 people, with emphasis on mayors, councilmen, policemen, teachers, government officials and even journalists who would not submit to blackmail." For the past three weeks, Communist terrorists have relentlessly harassed the inhabitants of 991 Vietnamese hamlets and villages, which this month are casting ballots in the nation's first local elections to be held since 1964 (see THE WORLD).

In a land where violence is constant and commonplace, the Communists have elevated terror to the level of a macabre political art. During the elections to date, they have blown up at least 14 polling places, snapped bullets into lines of voters, murdered eight candidates for office, abducted 25 more, and killed a total of nearly 200 civilians in purely election-oriented acts of intimidation. In the hamlet of Suoi Chan, only 40 miles east of Saigon, the Viet Cong slaughtered at least 18 civilians, three of them girls working for the Revolutionary Development pacification program that has been the target of much Viet Cong violence in the past month. The girls, none of them older than 18, were trussed up with their hands behind their backs and shot through the head. Other victims were burned, and the hamlet was later set on fire.

No one pretends that the Vietnamese turnout is an act of pure political enlightenment. Most villagers are under strong pressure to vote. Unquestionably, though, it takes brave men to run for office in Highland or Delta hamlets where every peasant knows that the Viet Cong are lurking just beyond the nearest paddy. The fact that the Vietnamese turn out so strongly in the face of terror—and sometimes end up marking their ballot with their own blood—shows that the candidates' courage does not go unappreciated.

PROTEST

Burning Issue

In the wake of the antiwar demonstrations that brought out some 200,000 protesters in San Francisco and New York (TIME, April 21), patriots of every stripe last week demanded legislation to penalize desecrators of the American flag. In New York, where at least one flag was burned in the Central Park Sheep Meadow by over-ardent symbolists, city police scrutinized thousands of photographs in search of identifiable flag ravers, each of whom, if convicted, would have to pay a \$50 state fine for touching off Old Glory. In Washington, South Carolina's Democratic Representative L. Mendel Rivers introduced a



VIET CONG VICTIMS AT SUOI CHAN
Terror elevated to a political art.



**RADER DESTROYING DRAFT CARD
Out of uniform.**

bill that would make desecration of the American flag a federal offense punishable by five years in prison and a fine of \$10,000.

Draft cards were equally fiery objects of concern. Federal law demands that every American male born after Aug. 20, 1922, must carry his Selective Service notification "at all times." Since some 75 young Americans burned their draft cards in Central Park during the antiwar weekend, the FBI set about tracking down the culprits. Many of them, it turned out, still had their cards; they had been burning licit scraps of notepaper. One readily identifiable card burner was Northwestern University Political Science Researcher Gary Rader, 23, a reservist in an Illinois Special Forces unit, who wore his green beret and Class A uniform while he burned his draft card in Central Park before newspaper cameras. FBI agents arrested Rader last week at his Evanston, Ill., apartment, handcuffed him before they stuck him in a Chicago jail cell overnight. Though Rader was released the next day on \$1,000 bond, raised by friends at Northwestern, he faced a possible five-year prison sentence and \$10,000 fine for burning his draft card, and a possible six-month sentence for wearing his uniform without official approval.

REPUBLICANS

The Long, Hot Century?

In his quest for the presidency, Michigan's Governor George Romney—unlike any other potential candidate for 1968—has to prove that his religious beliefs will not influence his political decisions. Though Romney, a Mormon, has an admirable record as a civil rights advocate, he has yet to persuade most Negroes that he does not share his church's traditional belief that they are the sons of Cain (TIME, April 14).

Romney has been successful in his home state, where Negro support at the

polls has risen from below 6% in his first campaign in 1962 to 33% in 1966. Last week, addressing the American Jewish Committee in New York, he defined his views on civil rights before a national audience. Charging that federal civil rights programs have been "shallow," Romney declared that the battle for equality "can only be won in heart-to-heart combat."

"What should have been clear from the beginning," he argued, "is now unmistakable. Federal legislation and federal programs, however desirable, cannot by themselves result in the early eradication of social injustice, discrimination, and prejudice. The elimination of social injustice depends not only on federal action but on state action, local action, and especially private, personal action. All four are needed. Overreliance on individual action clearly is mistaken. But overreliance on federal action is also mistaken. It can provide an excuse for those who wish to avoid needed state, local, personal and private action."

Romney obliquely chided Lyndon Johnson's Administration—which he dubs "The Great Façade"—for falsely raising hopes among Negroes of the social and economic gains to be achieved by federal programs. In a prepared text that he did not have time to read in full, Romney also admonished the nation itself for having become "cynical, apathetic and over-hearing" toward the rest of the world, and particularly the nonwhite world.

"Our attitudes and actions at home and abroad," he said, "too often give the lie to our sincerity. It is vital that we make our practices match our principles." Otherwise, he warned, the U.S. faces not only a "succession" of long, hot summers at home but the "equally forbidding prospect of a long, hot century" throughout the world. Romney clearly would like to be the man to bring principles and practices together, and recognizing that his major deficiency is in his unfamiliarity with foreign affairs, is now planning a 19-day look-and-learn trip through South America later this spring, followed by a trip to Asia—including Viet Nam—next fall.

The Man from PAUSE

"We might call it PAUSE—for Perplexed and Uncommitted State Executives," said Oregon's Governor Tom McCall, chuckling over his own acronym. Whatever he called it, McCall's proposed society of Republican Governors was intended as a device to keep the party's options open on next year's presidential nominees.

The Oregonian's notion, outlined in a letter to 20 other Republican Governors, was that they should all meticulously refrain from supporting any of the potential contenders until, after "continual pulse feeling," they could all move "in concert toward selection of the Republican who has the best chance of victory next year." If the Governors were thus able to unite behind one



**OREGON'S McCALL
Afraid of the lock.**

man, concluded McCall, their choice would "almost certainly" carry the 1968 G.O.P. convention.

New York's Nelson Rockefeller—remembering his own experience in 1964—could not endorse the pause behind PAUSE. After acknowledging but politely disclaiming his old supporter's hopeful postscript, which indicated that the New Yorker was still his personal choice, Rockefeller bluntly replied that unless the moderates plan to "simply deliver the nomination to the other side on a silver platter," they had better fall in quickly behind Michigan's George Romney. "He is," noted Rockefeller, "consistently running around ten points ahead of Lyndon Johnson in the polls throughout the country. He is the first and only Republican since General Eisenhower to be in that happy position." Rocky added: "I hope we are not going to drift into another 1964."

Unturned Key. Few of the Governors could disagree with Rockefeller's sentiment. Yet McCall apparently feared that unless they delayed, the Governors would find themselves inextricably locked in with Romney—though, in fact, the Michigander to date has hardly succeeded in turning the key. More than one Governor appears lukewarm on Romney. Even before he put the letter in the mail, McCall had enthusiastic pledges of support from such bright, attractive moderates as Pennsylvania's Raymond Shafer, Maryland's Spiro Agnew, and New Mexico's David Cargo.

To wait or not to wait? The moderates' dilemma was made no easier by the certain knowledge that even as they tarried, Richard Nixon was indefatigably lining up convention delegates. Rockefeller's stern analysis, in fact, was sharply underscored by a Gallup poll of nearly three-fifths of the G.O.P. county chairmen, showing that a large majority of the local pros, most of them conservative in temper, believe that Nixon will be the next Republican candidate.

He is not entirely alone. A poll conducted by Philadelphia psychologist John Buco in what he called the "barometer" state of Delaware showed last week that Rockefeller leads Lyndon Johnson, 58.1% to 41.9%.

HOUSING

From Blight to Light

The nation is in agreement that its slums must be eliminated, but most solutions to the problem have been belauded by a deep philosophical and economic schism between the adherents of private redevelopment and those who advocate publicly financed urban renewal. Last week Illinois Freshman Senator Chuck Percy introduced a housing bill that would combine both approaches and, in addition, give the slum dweller a stake in his own environment.

Percy's plan—a major plank in his 1966 Senate campaign—calls for the establishment by the Federal Government of a nationwide, nonprofit, private housing federation that would buy and rebuild slum dwellings, then sell them to low-income families on a unit-by-unit basis, thus giving the man in the slum a stake in his own neighborhood. Working from a base of a three-year, \$60 million Government outlay and \$2 billion in federal debenture bonds, the plan would ultimately generate up to \$1.3 billion in rehabilitated housing.

Blast from HUD. Though the bonds would have to be guaranteed by the Government, Percy also provides for an investment from the owner. He calls it a "sweat equity" in which prospective homeowners can throw in their own labor to reduce their monthly mortgage payments. Under the Percy Plan, if a homeowner should rise above a middle-income level of \$6,000 a year, he would subsequently contribute a commensurately greater portion of his monthly mortgage payment to the federation's revolving fund.

For a freshman's bill, the Percy proposal received unwontedly enthusiastic backing from the Senate's 36 Republicans—and mild praise from Democratic Majority Leader Mike Mansfield. In the House, Cosponsor William Widnall of New Jersey could count on at least 100 votes. The bill also drew a scathing assault from HUD Secretary Robert Weaver, who blasted it as "totally unsupported by any factual analyses as to the kind and amount of subsidy that would be required for workable home ownership by poor families." Weaver's nine-page critique seemed to reflect a possessiveness about the urban problems that no federal program has yet begun to solve.

Two-Day Payoff. As Percy presented the bill on the Senate floor, he had the physical backing of 250 Illinois campaign workers and supporters. As a candidate, Percy had promised them a free trip to Washington if they delivered. Last week he paid off with a two-day itinerary that included not only the Senate session but a briefing by Secretary of State Dean Rusk, a *cognac* dinner with serenades by two musical groups. The celebration cost Percy \$15,625 and won him the reputation of a man who delivers on his promises—to slum dwellers and party stalwarts alike.

POVERTY

The Unemployables

The popular image of the typical welfare recipient as a hale male malingering is more than 99% myth by Government arithmetic. According to a new federal study announced last week by Presidential Aide Joseph Califano Jr., only some 50,000—less than 1%—of the more than 7,300,000 persons now receiving welfare payments are men capable of self-support if given vocational training.

The report showed that 2,100,000 welfare cases are over 65 and most of these are women; 700,000 suffer severe physical handicaps such as blindness; 3,500,000 are under 18, and 83% of these are under 14; the remaining 900,000 women and 150,000 men answering the welfare roll call are the indigent parents of these children.

The preponderance of mothers underscores the matriarchal nature of slum society. Most of the women either never married or are widowed, divorced, or abandoned. Two-thirds of the fathers are classified as incapacitated by illness or injury, leaving only the balance of 50,000 employable at any given time. By law, men in this category must accept vocational training and jobs offered them through Government employment agencies or lose their relief benefits.

DISASTERS

The Cruellest Month

Out of sullen spring skies over four Midwestern states last week came a succession of killer tornadoes. The twisters hit Illinois, Missouri, Michigan and Indiana. Scattering cars and buses like playthings, reducing office buildings and whole residential sections to rubble, the tornadoes' lash took more than 50 lives, injured 1,500, and destroyed up to \$50 million worth of property.

Worst hit were the Chicago suburb

of Oak Lawn and the nearby town of Belvidere. At Oak Lawn, a swirling funnel smashed a shopping center, ripped up a trailer park and slammed into a roller-skating rink filled with youngsters. It left at least 30 dead, several of them teen-agers with roller skates still strapped to their feet. At Belvidere, the tornado sliced through five subdivisions and a supermarket, severely damaged a hospital, nicked an auto plant, and then headed toward the local high school, where students were just finishing the day. "A girl fell and somebody said, 'Watch her get blown away,'" recalled Gordon Shook, 18. "Then everybody got blown away." All told, 20 persons were killed in Belvidere, including several students who were on school buses that were crushed by the winds.

The storm, said weathermen, had 44 separate funnels, probably the most for a single day in nearly half a century.

THE CONGRESS

Don't Call Us;

We Won't Call You

"Mr. Powell does not present himself," intoned his attorney last week, "until it is determined that Congress is ready to swear him in." The House of Representatives was never less ready to seat Adam Clayton Powell, despite his re-election in Harlem April 11 by a 7 to 1 margin. Arizona Democrat Morris Udall, one of those urging Powell's reinstatement, conceded: "There are fewer votes for him now than there were on March 1," when his peers voted overwhelmingly to bar him during the life of the 90th Congress.

For his part, Powell obviously has no stomach for another public trouncing. Instead, he is betting that federal court intervention will ultimately restore his seat. The trouble with this strategy is that the House is adamant in its denial of court jurisdiction over the case. So,



SMASHED BUS & HOUSE IN OAK LAWN
"Then everybody got blown away..."

for the time being. Powell v. the House of Representatives remains a standoff. That might just be the perfect permanent solution—for everyone but his constituents.

THE STATES

New Way to Spell Nebraska

When he began his campaign for Governor, few Nebraskans outside his home town of Wausa (pop. 725) had ever heard of Republican Norbert Tiemann. To overcome that disadvantage, Nobby Tiemann, 42, son of a Lutheran minister, dotted the state with billboards and filled the airwaves with spot commercials plugging the slogan: T-I-E-M-A-N-N, Nebraska's New Way to Spell Governor. What the tall (6 ft. 3 in.), trim, small-town banker was actually telling the voters was that the time had come to find a new way to spell N-E-B-R-A-S-K-A.

This month, Tiemann gave his constituents their toughest spelling lesson to date. By a 38-to-11 vote, the new Governor pushed through Nebraska's conservative, unicameral legislature a sales-income tax package that left New Hampshire the only state in the union with neither a sales nor an income tax. Nebraska still stands far down the list of states on public services. It is 39th in educational expenditures per pupil, 41st in teachers' salaries, last in state aid to public schools. Though its two conservative Republican senators—Carl Curtis and Roman Hruska—have given the state an image of doughty self-reliance, it is not reluctant to accept federal handouts: in 1965 only five other states received more federal funds per capita. As it began its 100th-birthday celebration this year, Nebraska was the very paradigm of uncreative federalism.

Time to Turn Loose. When he challenged former Governor Val Peterson in the G.O.P. primary last May, Tiemann—a former semipro baseball player—was determined to change all that. After a punishing campaign involving 6000 appearances and 65,000 miles of travel, he beat Peterson by 15,000 votes. "We peaced him just right," says Tiemann's campaign manager, David Pierson. "When election day came, we figured he was just about 14 hours away from total collapse." In the general election, Tiemann walloped liberal Democratic Lieutenant Governor Philip Sorensen, younger brother of ex-President Speechwriter Ted Sorensen, by more than 100,000 votes.

Nebraskans still recalled indignantly that Ted Sorensen had castigated his native state as an "educationally depressed area" that was "old, outmoded, a place to come from or a place to die." Yet from the moment he took office in January, Tiemann has been telling them much the same thing. In his inaugural address, he warned that the only alternative to growing federal dominance was "the development of more responsible and more responsible state govern-



TIEMANN ADDRESSING LEGISLATURE
Rude awakening for Rip.

ment." When he submitted his tax package to the legislature, he declared, "It is time to turn Nebraska loose."

Though the letters are strong, tight and time-honored, Tiemann has gone a long way toward doing just that. "It's as if Nebraska has been shaken awake like some long-slumbering Rip Van Winkle," remarks a Lincoln Star political writer, "and is not too happy at the abrupt and rude awakening."

Tiemann established a new state department of economic development to lure industry, asked for more than \$5,000,000 to establish a new research center, signed into law the state's first minimum-wage law (\$1 an hour). He separated the state's penal and mental-health facilities, which had previously been lumped under a single administrator, hiring a penologist to head one division, a psychiatrist the other. At \$30,000 a year, the psychiatrist is earning \$12,000 more than the Governor, but Tiemann has not hesitated to hire good men at salaries exceeding his own. He moved to cut the state's 23,000-man payroll by 10%, not to save money but to take the extra funds "and give raises to the people who are doing the work." He has called for an increase of nearly 50% in spending for higher education, estimates that overall state spending will double to \$100 million a year by the time his four-year term ends. His new tax measures call for a 2½% sales tax, a personal income tax that will fluctuate according to the state's spending needs, and a corporate profits tax that will come to 20% of the income tax rate.

Pour It On. As a result of what the Omaha World-Herald calls Tiemann's "pour it on" campaign, several Nebraska newspapers have run a cartoon showing an insomniac elephant sitting up in bed and muttering, perplexed: "A Republican? Raising taxes? Spending?" Tiemann is well aware of the impact his proposals are having. "People tell me I will not get re-elected after all this," he says. "They say that I don't sound like a conservative Republican at all—but I

don't consider myself to be anything but a conservative. What I'm trying to do in Nebraska is to make an investment in ourselves, and that's in the best conservative tradition."

CALIFORNIA

The Value of Positive Pain

Ever since the Federal Government adopted Financier Beardsley Ruml's ingenious invention of tax withholding back in 1943, the system has been about as unassailable as motherhood. Government officials love it, since paycheck deductions help disguise the size of the tax collector's take. Most taxpayers also approve of withholding as a relatively painless way of parting with their pell. Only a non-politician of rare courage or naiveté—or both—would dare challenge it. Sure enough, a non-politician par excellence, California's Governor Ronald Reagan, did precisely that last week as he marked the end of his first 100 days in office with a televised state-of-the-state message.

Reagan plans a 65% increase in overall state income tax collections—along with boosts in general sales, whisky, cigarette and franchise taxes—to raise the \$946 million needed to balance his record \$5.06 billion budget. He concedes that withholding, in addition to easing the pain of that wallow, would bring him a number of economic advantages. There would be a "one-shot" windfall because Californians would, in effect, be paying next year's taxes in advance. There might also be a "recurring windfall" of some \$20 million a year from citizens—mostly from "those least able to afford it"—who would not normally pay any taxes and would subsequently neglect to file for refunds. According to some proponents, there would be less cheating on returns because the taxes would already have been paid.

No Sugar. Despite these potential profits, said Reagan, "I am opposed to the state using such a method to obtain revenue. I reject the idea that the state might take advantage of its citizens or that it should operate its finances on the one-shot windfall theory or that the average man will cheat his government."

Though both Democratic and Republican assembly leaders have strongly urged the withholding system, Reagan insists that he would approve the plan only if "they held a hot iron to my feet, and I was bound and foot." Faced with an almost certain veto, proponents are beginning to back down. "I don't intend to force it down his throat," says Democratic Speaker Jesse Unruh, who is puzzled nonetheless by Reagan's opposition to a system that most politicians regard as means of sugar-coating higher taxes. Warns Unruh: "I think the Governor may find, when he doubles the income tax and when that jolt hits the people next April 15, that withholding looks very good indeed."

Reagan is aware of the problem, says he is looking for ways to prevent "the

big bump coming all at once." But he refuses to retreat. "Withholding is a painless way of extracting money, and the very fact that it is painless means Government is always willing to ask for more," he says. "It is Government's responsibility to use your money wisely." That responsibility, he insists, is his—whatever the political fallout.

FLORIDA

Messiah in Open Town

Among Miami mobsters he is known contemptuously as The Messiah. Boasts one criminal attorney: "He won't change things here." Indeed, E. (for nothing) Wilson ("Bud") Purdy promised no millennium last December when he became Dade County sheriff during a period of flourishing crime in south Florida and blatant corruption in his new command. Nonetheless, he has already changed things considerably.

The Florida sheriffs' bureau reported recently that south Florida is home to at least 40 Mafia members and dozens of affiliated hoods. Scores of Northern gangsters drop in regularly for pleasure as well as business. Miami is known as an "open town"—one in which no single Mafia cell completely controls the action and there is certainly no shortage of lucrative opportunities: narcotics, labor racketeering, organized prostitution, shylocking, several varieties of gambling. The Mafia has also found legitimate outlets for surplus capital, and is believed to have bought into some 45 hotels and 25 restaurants and bars in the area.

Airport Reception. One of Bud Purdy's first targets has been the mob's moneybags. Before he arrived, it was customary for the police to arrest only the pawns of the numbers operation, the little bet taker on the street. Under Purdy, the force concentrates on gambling's middle echelon, the men who collect from the street workers. Now a single arrest often yields as much as \$5,000 in confiscated cash.

Purdy, 48, has reorganized and expanded his department's criminal-intelligence and vice divisions. His men keep careful watch on the movements of known hoods and are usually at the airport to greet them. Santo Trafficante of Tampa, who is reputedly ambitious to make Miami a closed preserve for his own Mafia "family," objected so profanely to the reception committee that he ended up in handcuffs. Said one detective: "Santo wants to have the confidence of the New York Mafia. But how can he control this town when he can't even get past the airport without being picked up?"

Which, along with unmitigated establishments, will greatly benefit the area attracts the national political conventions next year. Both the Republican and Democratic National Committees are leaning toward Miami Beach, which has offered to put up \$800,000 for each convention.

Career Cop. Purdy inherited a dispirited, tainted force. Last spring a grand jury indicted Sheriff Talmadge Buchanan and half a dozen members of the department on a variety of charges including perjury and conspiracy to commit robbery. No one was convicted, but the uproar was sufficient to allow reformers to win a referendum making the sheriff an appointed rather than an elected official. On election night, County Manager Porter Homer fired Buchanan and began a nationwide search for a successor. Purdy's name was repeatedly suggested by top police officials all over the country.

A Michigan farm boy who still looks the part, Purdy has been a cop almost since childhood. "I can't remember ever wanting to be anything else," he says. At twelve, while working as a part-time



PURDY WITH OFFICERS
Aim at the moneybags.

school janitor, he helped catch two adult coal thieves. When he went to Michigan State to study police administration, his parents exploded: "Why do you want to go to college to be a dumb cop?" He answered, in effect, that the course would make him a smart cop. During World War II, he served as a military-police officer in the Pacific, later was an FBI agent in New York and Florida, went on to become chief of the St. Petersburg force, then headed Pennsylvania's state police for three years.

Political Pressure. "Our enforcement policy is simple," he has always maintained. "Was a law violated, and was this the guy who did it?" In Pennsylvania's Allegheny County, there had been one gambling arrest the year before Purdy took over: there were 1,000 in his last two years there. But his term in Pennsylvania ended in a nonstop hassle

with the legislature that began when he refused to fix a legislator's traffic ticket and ended in a controversy over wiretapping. He resigned in 1966, charging that political pressure had been exerted on his office. Governor William Scranton agreed: "The worst kind of politics has won a battle for the lawless element in our society." But Purdy has had little trouble in dealing with fellow law-enforcement officials at all levels. He has restored Dade's liaison with other local police departments and the FBI. Equally important, he has established a sound working relationship with the Miami municipal force. With no friction, his men and the Miami police share jurisdiction in the city.

A strict teetotaler with a tame social life restricted largely to bridge, golf and movies, Purdy imposes strict moral and professional standards on his men. Last week he fired two officers suspected of taking favors from bail bondsmen. A policeman "involved with women, liquor and gambling can't do an effective job," he insists. Neither can a dumb cop. Purdy has made in-service training mandatory for veteran officers and has broadened the existing 14-week course for recruits to include courses in sociology and community relations. He also requires that supervisory personnel take extended training at the FBI National Academy or similar schools.

Purdy is now seeking a 25% boost in the department's \$8.6 million budget that would increase the 1,101-man force by 223 and raise salaries. Part of the expansion would provide for a planning-and-research unit to map long-range improvements. Purdy, who is not given to spouting grandiose designs, says that all he wants for Dade County is a "damn good" department, which he defines as "the best trained, best equipped, most efficient and most honest anywhere."

MINORITIES

Pocho's Progress

Americans are reminded almost daily of the Negro's checkered progress toward equality. Seldom, by contrast, are they apprised of the social and economic lag that afflicts the nation's second largest disadvantaged minority: the 4,677,000 Mexican-Americans of the U.S. Southwest—proud, poor and increasingly protest-minded. From the Rio Grande to the Russian River, in the bleak barrios of East Los Angeles and the tar-paper colonies of the San Joaquin Valley, the Mexican minority is struggling to articulate its anger.

Vague and inchoate, it is directed toward at least three targets: the "Anglo," for his cavalier indifference to Latin contributions to Southwest history and culture; the Negro, for having won aid and attention by rioting in city slums while the Mexican-American kept his cool in his own ghetto; and his own people, for their self-defeating pride and insistence on remaining aliens in

JULIAN WOOD



BRavo in front of East Los Angeles Bank
Out to alter the Anglo makeup.

their ancestral homeland. The Mexican-American, after all, is predicated in the Southwest by only the buffalo and the Plains Indian; he has never put his psychological signature to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which ceded the Southwest to the U.S. after the Mexican War of 1846.

Bottles & Olés. Throughout the Southwest's "serape belt," Mexican-Americans are feeling strapped. Federal poverty projects in the Negro neighborhoods of Los Angeles outnumber by 3 to 1 those for Mexican-Americans. From 1950 to 1960, the Mexican-American high school dropout rate held steady at 75%, while the Negro was making significant strides forward in education. More than a third of the nation's Mexican-American families (most of them in Texas) live below the poverty line of \$3,000 a year, while their birth rate, sustained by Catholic-inspired resistance to contraception, is soaring far higher than that of any other group. Though 85% of all Mexican-Americans are *pochos*—native-born citizens of the U.S.—many speak only Spanish or just enough English to deal with cops and employers.

Nowhere is the *pochos*' plight—or potential power—more evident than in the monotonous, sun-scabbled flatlands of East Los Angeles, where 600,000 Mexican-Americans live. At the confluence of the swooping freeways, the L.A. *barrio* begins. In tawdry taco joints and rollicking cantinas, the reek of cheap sweet wine competes with the fumes of frying tortillas. The machine-gun patter of slang Spanish is counterpointed by the bellow of lurid hot-rods driven by tattooed *pachucos*. The occasional appearance of a neatly turned-out *Agringado* (a Mexican-American

who has adapted to Anglo styles) clashes incongruously with the weathered-leather look of the *cholo* (newly arrived, often wetback Mexican laborer). To the barrio dwellers, the rest of the world is *Gringolandia*. Few venture forth except to attend the fights at Olympic Auditorium, where their ebullient *olés* and accurately hurled wine bottles give much needed support to Mexican club fighters with more guts than science.

Aztec-Modern. The same lack of science in the political arena is largely responsible for the Mexican-American's lack of collective clout. Though the *pochos* are 90% Democratic by registration and traditionally vote the straight party line, they have received little in the way of socioeconomic remuneration for their loyalty. Politically, they fare even worse: only one Mexican-American, Democratic Congressman Edward Roybal, 51, has made it to the House of Representatives, and he, as many *pochos* point out, is a New Mexican-born aristocrat who pays little attention to the problems of the barrios.

One Latin leader who has reconnoitered the corridors of power is Dr. Francisco Bravo, patriarch and prime philanthropist of the Los Angeles barrio. A bald, bullnecked surgeon who worked his way up from the vineyards and orchards of Ventura county to become a real estate millionaire, Bravo, 57, established the first free clinic for Mexican-Americans in Los Angeles (opened in 1941, after Bravo won his medical degree from Stanford), founded a scholarship fund that has dispensed more than \$100,000 to brainy *pochos*, and owns an Aztec-modern bank, with assets of \$4,000,000, in East Los Angeles.

Mavericks & Machismo. Bravo vivified the "Viva Kennedy!" drive in 1960, which helped win the state for the Democrats against Native Son Richard Nixon. And in 1966, it was Bravo who led the defection from Democrat Pat Brown's camp: Ronald Reagan drew 24% of Los Angeles' Mexican-American vote, thus tripling the usual G.O.P. total. Republican Senator Thomas Kuchel does even better in Latin neighborhoods, thanks to his excellent command of Spanish. But the man who wins Mexican-American backing most consistently and heartily is Democrat Sam Yorty, whose maverick manner as mayor of Los Angeles appeals to the Latin sense of *machismo* (masculine independence).

Though Mayor Yorty has installed a Spanish-speaking complaint bureau in city hall, Los Angeles' government is still overwhelmingly Anglo in makeup. Last week, Bravo and one of his Angelino protégés, Valley State College Historian Julian Nava, 39, were making the first major effort to alter that situation. Running with Bravo's backing for the nonpartisan school board, Nava—the son of an indigent harp maker and winner of a Bravo scholarship loan to finish Harvard—was courting the city in his green Volkswagen in a catalytic campaign against Incumbent Charles Reed Smoot, who has alienated the city's minorities by publicly opposing textbooks with added chapters on minority groups' contributions to America.

If Nava defeats Smoot in the May 31 runoff, he will become the first Mexican-American ever to sit on the city school board. That, for the *pochos*, would be a major step from self-pity toward self-representation.

DENNIS TAYLOR—RIVERSIDE FOR ENTHUSIAST



MEXICAN-AMERICAN PICKETS IN RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA
Proud, poor and increasingly protest-minded.

THE NEW RADICALS

ONLY five or six years ago, to call someone a radical in America seemed quaint and was largely meaningless. Most of the radical proposals of a generation before had become Government policy, and even Communism seemed to have turned relatively conservative. Today, thanks to that amorphous band known as the New Radicals, the word has at least some measure of fresh meaning.

The Old Left had a program for the future; the New Left's program is mostly a cry of rage. The Old Left organized and proselytized, playing its part in bringing about the American welfare state. But it is precisely big government, the benevolent Big Brother, that the New Left is rebelling against. Says Author Paul Jacobs, an Old Leftist himself: "We were rejecting a depression; they're rejecting affluence."

The New Radicals have no power base. Their number, while indeterminate, is obviously small. Still, they are a presence and a voice—partly because of the sheer energy of their commitment, which demands not just parlor protest but physical inconvenience as expressed in the sit-in, the demonstration, the march. They speak for the beleaguered individual in an impersonal society—whether Negro sharecropper, white welfare recipient, or campus dropout. Above all, they speak, or shout, against the Viet Nam war. Says Sociologist Daniel Bell: "At best, the New Left is all heart. At worst, it is no mind." They changed the temper, the tone and to some extent the terms of political debate. The question is what function or future they have beyond that.

You Can Always Hate Dad

Who are they? Given their almost anarchist horror of formal organization, they are difficult to identify. They are mostly young, bright, from well-to-do, often liberal families. They are creatures of conscience, the children of men of conscience, and they regard their patrimony as a reproach. The largest and most permanent of the shifting New Left groups is the Students for a Democratic Society (some 30,000 members by rough count), whose president changes every year, and whose members once even considered abolishing the office. Originally part of the left-wing but anti-Communist League for Industrial Democracy, the S.D.S. soon began to strike out on its own. In 1962, at a meeting at Port Huron, Mich., 43 representatives of more than a dozen universities and colleges adopted a lengthy manifesto attacking the quality of American life and the direction of U.S. foreign policy. Besides S.D.S., the New Left includes other small groups, largely consisting of individuals with a surrounding cluster of followers. There is, of course, Mario Savio, of the Berkeley Free Speech Movement, but his stature has faded along with the issue. The more stable heroes in the New Left's pantheon are Staughton Lynd, 38, a pacifist and professor of American history at Yale between speaking engagements, and Tom Hayden, 27, an S.D.S. founder who now heads the independent Newark Community Union Project, a small but energetic program to help the poor. Both attracted a lot of attention a year ago when they went on a self-appointed peace mission to Hanoi. While the New Left scorns conventional politics, it has set up an ambitiously titled National Conference for New Politics, which has backed candidates in local elections, and helped win a seat in the Georgia legislature for Julian Bond, a founder of S.N.C.C.

The movement has spawned some dozen magazines and newspapers, including the sensationalist *Ramparts* and the more intellectual *Studies on the Left*. The lesser publications appear erratically, when the editors happen to have the money, and tend to be studded by advertisements for psychedelic happenings and underground movies and interviews with Allen Ginsberg or Timothy Leary. They also offer lots of free verse on the joys of copulation, distinguished from John Donne's comparable rhapsodies by a self-conscious injection

of four-letter words doggedly intended to shock. The movement's hard is Bob Dylan (when in doubt, New Leftists always sing). But on the whole the New Left distrusts the hippies and the beats, who want to drop out of society.

The New Left label is applied to various organizations that do not necessarily accept it. While most New Leftists still embrace S.N.C.C. and CORE, the embrace is one-sided: the leaders of those organizations, with their new drive for black power, have frozen whites out. Most New Leftists claim as their spiritual ancestors Thoreau, Emerson and Whitman rather than Marx or Lenin. Thus they are distinct from the various Communist and socialist groups descended from the old, pre-World War II left, though they share many of their aims and indiscriminately welcome their presence in any sit-in, teach-in or be-in. Chief among these Marxist-oriented groups are the W.E.B. DuBois Clubs (membership 3,000), who still chatter about the class struggle and, unlike S.D.S., believe in working through coalitions with liberal forces to achieve their aims. A sympathetic historian of the New Left, Author Jack Newfield, declares sweepingly: "DuBois members are just not hung-up by the same things S.D.S.ers are. They don't make embarrassing speeches about how we must love each other. They are not viscerally outraged by the moral deceptions of society in the way S.D.S. members are; they are not in total rebellion. The key difference is that the DuBois Club members don't hate their fathers: S.D.S.ers do."

The New Left is determined not to cooperate with groups that have even slightly bowed to the status quo. When Civil Rights Leader Bayard Rustin suggested that the New Left shift from protest to coalition politics and work with labor and liberals, he was berated as a cop-out who was threatening its moral purity. Michael Harrington, who put poverty on the map in his book *The Other America*, is now similarly denounced; he calls the New Leftists "mystical militants."

The New Left's chief enemy, so declared, is not the far right but rather what it calls "the liberal Establishment" or "corporate liberalism." Hayden argues that the social legislation of the New Deal has enslaved the poor and left them worse off than they were before. Demands Farrel Brodsky, professor of history at Los Angeles Valley College and recent candidate for the state legislature: "Who are the judges who participate in legal lynchings? The appointees of flaming liberals like President Kennedy. Who perpetuates racism? The unions. Who votes for war? The good liberal Congressmen. Who perpetuates alienation? The liberal administrators like Clark Kerr. The liberals are gutless, pusillanimous and totally lacking in sincerity." He adds: "Listening to them is like being beaten to death with a warm sponge."

Some Call It Rape

The liberals return the compliment. As Critic Irving Howe puts it, the New Leftists show "an unconsidered enmity toward something vaguely called the Establishment, an equally unreflective belief in the 'decline of the West,' a crude, unqualified anti-Americanism, drawn from every source."

The New Leftists often act as if they had no memory and had no history; they seem unaware of the Communist-organized rebellions in Greece and Malaya, the invasion of South Korea, the repression of the Hungarian uprising, the Berlin Wall. While they are theoretically opposed to any dictatorship they endlessly make allowances for Communist regimes; they feel outraged by U.S. leaders while either apologizing for or extolling Castro and Mao, and of course they want instant, unilateral U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam, heedless of the consequences. "We refuse to be anti-Communist," declared Lynd and Hayden in a statement written for *Studies on the Left*, since the term is used "to justify a foreign policy that is no more sophisticated than rape."

The recurrent theme is that there must be purity at home first, that the U.S. must heal its own sick society before it can presume to treat others. What, then, do the New Leftists prescribe for the U.S.? They know what they do not want, but not necessarily what they want. Typical is a statement by Clark Kissinger, 26, a former S.D.S. national secretary who ran for alderman in Chicago (and won 864 votes out of 18,970): "You can imagine the system as a table, Lyndon Johnson sits at the head of the table, labor has a place at the table, industry has a place, the building industry, the grape growers, the State Street merchants—they all have places. Right now, the poor don't sit at the table; they get some crumbs thrown down to them. Well, we don't want a place at the table. We want to turn it upside down."

When asked what they would do once the table is overturned, the New Radicals mostly reply that this does not concern them. They have no program, and they do not want one. The immediate problem is to discredit and destroy the old society. Let others worry about the details of rebuilding later. But, when pressed, many of the New Left members do state their expectations. These ideas are not systematized and come from many different spokesmen: still, something like a New Left vision of the future emerges.

Yearning for the Past

The vision is utopian and full of inner contradictions. In a general way, the New Radicals would nationalize basic industry, although some would only tax it more heavily. "The rich" would also be taxed to the point of doing away with big private fortunes. "We must abolish the competitive ethic," says S.D.S. President Nick Fegelson. "Do we want to make 8,000,000 cars a year if we are ruining the lives of the people who are making them?" But, while New Leftists loathe capitalism, they assume that the miraculous U.S. economy will go right on turning out wealth no matter what is done to it. Everyone, in the phrase of a New Leftist, will "have money or credit, whether he is able to work or not." Everyone will be guaranteed medical care and education: some suggest 24-hour schools, for children by day, for the parents by night.

Some see the Federal Government as the chief source of all the necessary funds—though they detest the government and, with almost states'-rights' fervor, would curb the federal role in society. Here, as well as in its hostility toward liberals, is where the New Left joins the New Right, including the Young Americans for Freedom (membership: 30,000). They both distrust big government, want to curb its interference in local and private affairs. Individual spokesmen for both right and left have even suggested abolishing the draft, though for very different reasons. (Some New Leftists want to eliminate armies altogether.) They both favor voluntary activities, including private or neighborhood-controlled education, police and social services. But there are differences. The New Left thinks of the poor as victims and believes that the conservatives think of them only as failures. The New Leftists have a mystical faith in the purity and wisdom of the poor, "uncorrupted" by the Establishment—an idea that the New Right rejects as nonsense.

The New Leftists resemble Russia's 19th century *narodniks* (populists), mostly middle-class students, who idealized the peasants and went to live among them, trying to rouse them to action. The overriding dream of the New Left is "participatory democracy," which means, among other things, that workers should have a vote on the running of their plants, students on what they should be taught, and the poor (as long as there are any) on welfare programs. To make this possible, life must center on small communities, cities must be broken up. Scratch utopia and you find nostalgia: the New Leftists really look backward, to a time of small social units and close personal relations. With yearnings for an almost medieval setting, they want to repeal bigness—which some men have been hankering to do ever since the Industrial Revolution. In *News from Nowhere*, William Morris visualized a new London broken up into idyllic villages. Charles Fourier and Robert Owen envisioned small, self-sufficient communities, inspiring such American utopian experiments as Brook Farm and New Harmony. Sometimes the

New Left's vision sounds like New Harmony computerized. Says James Weinstein, an editor of *Studies on the Left*: "People will meet in little communities and decide what they want. All their desires will be fed into the computers, which will pass their needs on to the industries." Many of the New Left's current projects are surprisingly small-scale, such as the "free universities" and other "parallel institutions" which it has improvised as alternatives to existing ones. Hayden lists his top aims as "rent control, play streets, apartment repairs, higher welfare payments, jobs."

Something else the New Leftists have in common with other utopians is a remarkably detailed concern for the physical environment. They dream of "the total beautiful society" with smogless air, unpolluted rivers, swift and clean public transportation and, in the phrase of Atlanta Lawyer Howard Moore, "airlines carrying the people all over the country to the great museums." Paul Goodman, 55, one of the aging gurus of the New Left, spends much time visualizing how city streets could be turned into playgrounds or parks, and how motor cars could be barred from Manhattan (the last being an idea that should do a lot to win friends for the New Left).

Ultimately, the New Leftists, like all utopians, not only want to reform society: they really want to reform human nature. They want men to work not for gain or glory but for the satisfaction of contributing to the general good. In a broad sense, the movement is not political at all but religious. "We want to create a world in which love is more possible," says an S.D.S. leader, Carl Oglesby. For all their rant and naivete, the New Radicals can sound strongly appealing. The fact that many of their proposals are impractical and that they lack a program is not an ultimate argument against them. Critics may perform a service to a society by pointing out evil and injustice without necessarily offering alternatives. Some of the things the New Left says about modern American life need to be said and evoke certain echoes in anyone who has ever been in white-hot anger over a slum, or a traffic jam, or a piece of blatant official hypocrisy, or a TV commercial, or has felt alone in a big organization.

Wanted: Middle-Aged Leftists

The trouble is that even in the role of merely negative or gaddy critics, the New Radicals are too mindless. In the words of one New Left manifesto, they want to remain "permanently radical"—which is about as possible as remaining permanently young. Their refusal to make common cause with liberals and other reformers, their dedication to action rather than thought, emotion rather than reason, will almost surely destroy what influence they have. Some are already disillusioned: protest demonstrations are not changing the Viet Nam situation, and the civil rights movement is not only stalled but increasingly hostile to them. Their leaders say that they will now concentrate on community action, and wistfully speak of a coalition of the universities and the poor—but that will not work either. The poor are not radical. What they really want to be is middle-class, and once they buy a car and make a down payment on a house, they will ignore the New Left and stick with their unions or political parties.

Says Staughton Lynd: "The key question is whether the movement will grow beyond its student base and produce men who will carry their radicalism into middle age and beyond." The New Left leaders are afraid of the American talent for assimilating dissent—and this is already happening to some of their ideas. Practically everybody has a kind word for decentralization, in the interests of efficiency if not humanity; the war on poverty, while now bogged down, will be carried on. Even the guaranteed annual wage is not beyond the capacity of modern industrial society. Thus quite a few of the New Left proposals, in modified form, will be taken over by the liberals and by the managers. As for the New Left's anger at the human condition, its yearning for love, these will, as always, be taken over by the poets, the preachers, and perhaps a few minor saints. The present New Left will undoubtedly fade without producing many middle-aged radicals. But it will have performed a function. There should always be a New Left—to drive conventional society to a constant, sometimes painful review of its own values.

THE WORLD

GREECE

The Besieged King

(See Cover)

In Athens, the birthplace of democracy and often the site of its suffering, the floodlit Acropolis looked down upon a peaceful city preparing to retire for the night. Late diners strolled through the Plaka district of restaurants and tavernas, and traffic thinned to a trickle in the city's center. Then, only moments after midnight, moving so fast that it all seemed over in minutes, shadowy figures in battle dress began to appear everywhere. From barracks in Athens and all over Greece, troops slipped quietly out and took up battle stations in every key town, at every major intersection, at every railroad station, airport and radio transmitter. From the lovely plains of Lakonia to the forbidding hills of Macedonia, Greece quickly found itself last

nellopoulos, who had heard of trouble and barricaded his door. The officer explained that they had come to protect him. "I need no protection," cried Kanellopoulos. "I am the Premier of Greece." The soldiers broke down the door. "Why don't you kill me here?" the Premier asked. The soldiers hustled him swiftly into an army truck and drove him off to a detention center.

In his suburban home at Kastri, a political foe of Kanellopoulos, former Premier George Papandreu, was dragged out of bed and marched off without even being given time to put on his shoes; he had to carry them along. His leftist son Andreas, sleeping some miles away, was a particular target of the military; they sent eight soldiers and a captain to fetch him. They overpowered his bodyguard, smashed a glass door while breaking into the house

time to organize a protest. Despite some rumors of shooting in Athens and Salonica, the coup was virtually bloodless.

Royal Refusal. When morning came, the soldiers also came to call on the man in whose name they had seized power: young King Constantine II, who was at his home in Tatoi Palace 16 miles north of Athens, where he lives with his beautiful Danish-born wife Anne-Marie and a baby daughter. When the officers told the King what they had done, he protested angrily, refused to sign a proclamation praising the coup and calling for the public's cooperation. He also refused to agree to the formation of a new government. Later that morning, Constantine drove to the defense ministry building in Athens that Greeks call the Pentagon (even though it is oblong). There he spent the rest of the day trying to persuade officers loyal to him that the coup was in no one's interest and that it was a be-



NEW PREMIER KOLIAS



TROOPS IN ATHENS
Palace coup without consent.



GENERAL SPANDIDAKIS

week under the grip of a new master: the army.

All radio stations faded off the air. Then the armed forces station broke the silence to announce a curt and chilling bulletin: in the name of the King, the army had seized power. Tanks and armored personnel carriers stood at every intersection, five of them with pointed barrels taking up posts outside Parliament. Greece's borders were closed, and its communications with the outside world stopped. No planes could land or take off, and arriving ships were turned away from ports. Suddenly, a land of 8,550,000 people, roughly the size of the state of New York, found itself totally cut off from the rest of a puzzled world, in the first military takeover in Free Europe since the 1930s.

Barricade. In Athens' Kolonaki district, three soldiers and a captain called at 2 a.m. upon Premier Panayotis Ka-

and dragged Andreas off in his underpants, his feet bleeding from the glass.

The scene was much the same all over Athens. By 3 a.m., practically all of Greece's leading politicians, of almost every persuasion and leaning, had been rounded up and herded into detention centers in downtown Athens. The military suspended key clauses of the constitution, banned strikes and all public gatherings, imposed censorship on the press, closed schools, banks and stores, did away with the need for search warrants and set up special military courts to try violators. Troops patrolled the streets with orders to shoot anyone who broke the dusk-to-dawn curfew. The seizure was such a model of military precision that no one had

traval of all the things modern Greece stood for. He failed, and returned dependently to Tatoi Palace to consult with his advisers and receive visitors.

As the head of government, Constantine still reigned over Greece, and without his consent no governmental action could legally be taken. Yet the palace coup that had occurred without the palace's consent offered him a cruel choice: either to fight the coup openly and risk being toppled from his throne or go along reluctantly in the hope of being able to influence the military later. For the time being, he chose the latter course.

Right v. Left. A solid, handsome man who, at 26, is the world's youngest monarch, Constantine thus became a besieged king, caught between the demagoguery and displeasure of Greece's leftists and the impetuous action of the rightist military. The dilemma was all



KING SALUTING TROOPS ON CORFU
Whether to fight or hope?

the more ironic because the military is strongly pro-monarchist. It constantly invoked the royal name for every action during the coup, and moved to seize power chiefly because it feared that the King's enemies would win the parliamentary elections scheduled for May 28. The generals feared that victory would go to George Papandreou, 79, and his son Andreas, 48, the King's archenemies. The elder Papandreou, who resigned as Premier in a dispute with the King almost two years ago, had made it clear that he would interpret the election outcome as a plebiscite for or against the monarchy. His campaign slogan was: "Who rules Greece? The King or the people?" By the people he meant, of course, himself.

In Greece, the military is so closely tied to the monarchy that any threat to one is a threat to the other. The Greek army's loyalty to the crown has long been the chief underpinning of the monarchy, and the King's close ties to the military are symbolized by the army uniform—with decks of medals—that he wears on formal occasions. In turn, the top echelons of the army become restive whenever the King's prerogatives come under attack. Men of position who are a firm part of the Greek Establishment, they know that attacks on the monarchy threaten the system that grants them their privileges. Thus they were even willing to act against the King's will while protesting that they only sought to protect the monarchy.

Political Gap. Constantine, despite his legendary name, is not King of an ancient Greece, inheritor of the land of Minos and Alexander the Great. His is a new nation, almost 140 years old, that is still healing its wounds after centuries of foreign invasion and occupation, slavery and civil war that left the land and the people weak, drained of resources and with only their spirit for consolation. That spirit is at the heart of the present trouble, for Greece today has not retained much of its ancient legacy of

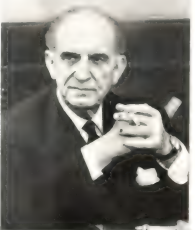
moderation and temperance. The Greeks are a volatile, hot-headed and individualistic people whose political factions fight each other with the fierce ardor of the wars of the ancient city-states. The monarchy, by raising national leadership above the slings and arrows of Greek-style politics, is a needed umbrella in whose shade Greeks of every political stripe from Trotskyites to fascists wrestle for attention and control.

As royalty goes, King Constantine and his Queen, who is about to present him with their second child, are popular with the mass of the people. Schooled by his father since childhood in the art of kingship, Constantine ascended the throne at 23. But, for all his youth, he has proved to be an able leader. Until last week at least, he had kept Greece on the path of constitutional monarchy in the face of heavy pressures from both ends of the political spectrum. He has kept the country closely tied to NATO. In recent years, Greece has become an associate member of the European Common Market, and its economic growth rate has risen almost 8% annually. Constantine's handsome good looks, enlightened ideas about government and athletic prowess (he won an Olympic gold medal for sailing) have made him in the world's eyes a symbol of all that modern, progressive Greece stands for.

At home, nonetheless, the monarchy has recently come under increasing attack by many Greeks who question its relevance to the task of solving Greece's deep problems. The criticism has intensified as the political gap between the King and the Papandreous has widened. The King himself is protected from excessive public criticism by the penal code, but members of the royal family who were not protected by this law have come under heavy fire from the press.

A major target of the criticism is

ALDO DI NARICI



GEORGE PAPANDREOU

Queen Mother Frederika, who is blamed by the leftists—and by many others—for practically any action of the King's that they do not like. A tough, strong-willed woman who hotly defends royalty's every prerogative, she lives in retirement in a small villa at Psychiko outside Athens. Frequently sees the King and his wife. Last winter, the criticism of the Queen Mother became so strong that in December the government introduced a special law in Parliament extending the less majestic protection to all members of the royal family, including Frederika. On her part, Frederika voluntarily asked the government to cancel plans to award her a \$100,000 annuity lest the action provoke another press storm.

Politicians of the Papandreou stripe accuse Frederika of pushing her son to mix actively in Greek politics instead of counseling him to stay above the battle. Whenever the King's shiny Rolls-Royce is seen outside his mother's villa, the press almost invariably reports it as cloak-and-dagger news. Last week, just before the coup, King Constantine and his wife celebrated Frederika's 50th birthday at a private lunch at the villa, where she lives with Princess Irene, 24. Her other daughter, Sophia, is married to Juan Carlos, son of the pretender to the Spanish throne, Don Juan.

Liking for Rule. The monarchy in Greece was established in 1833 soon after the Turks were driven out and Greece achieved independence from the Ottoman Empire after four centuries in its bondage. The three protecting powers—England, France and Russia—decided that the Greeks should have a non-Greek king on the throne. Oddly, the Greeks readily agreed, giving rise to the later saying: "No Greek will ever tolerate another Greek for his sovereign." The first was a Bavarian, who was dethroned after a revolution.

The Glücksburg dynasty, to which Constantine belongs, was started in

TERENCE SPENCER



SON ANDREAS

One without shoes and one in his shorts.

1863. During a period of near-anarchy in Athens, a Greek delegation went to Denmark to beg King Christian IX to allow his son, Prince William George, to become their king. George I lasted on the throne for 50 years—until an assassin's bullet ended his reign. His son, Constantine I, had equally bad luck, was twice deposed by the politicians. Then came George II ("the unsmiling King"), who lost the throne to a republican coup in 1924, remained in exile for eleven years before returning, and went into exile again shortly after the Italians and Germans invaded Greece in World War II.

Unlike such dynasties as the Windsors in Britain and the Bernadotte kings of Sweden, Greek kings in this century have never been content to reign as figureheads; they like to rule too. Resentment over the Greek King's penchant for mixing in politics boiled over at the start of World War I, when the first Constantine exerted his influence on behalf of Greek neutrality. Constantine was forced into exile by a Cretan political wizard named Eleutherios Venizelos, and the feud went on for decades. The monarchy's popularity plummeted even further when George II backed the military dictatorship of General John Metaxas, who ruled Greece from 1936 until the Germans and Italians overran the country.

But in times of trouble, Greeks have always looked to their king for spiritual unity. Such was the case after World War II, when the country faced economic ruin and a bloody civil war between the Greek government and Communist guerrillas supplied from neighboring Red-ruled countries. Greeks voted 2 to 1 in a plebiscite to call back George II from his wartime exile in London and to restore his throne. Though George died in 1947, his brother

Paul, who succeeded him, traveled the breadth of the peninsula with his German-born wife Frederika, rallying support for the government. They went to the battlefield in Jeeps, crossed mountains on muleback and even took meals with the peasants in the countryside. The U.S. poured in \$300 million in aid under the Truman Doctrine, and General James Van Fleet went to Greece to advise the military. Thus, it was in the Greek hills that the West first blew the whistle on the spread of Communism.

Kingly Profession. King Paul felt that he had not had sufficient training for his duties: when his son Constantine was born in 1940, he spoke of preparing him for the specialized profession of "kingship." When he was six, young "Tino," as the family called him, was sent off to a spartan private school. He later spent time at each of the nation's three military academies and tasted the medicine of army discipline. "I bitterly cursed it at the time," he said later on, "but you're grateful for it all." At home, Constantine got more royal treatment, was even allowed to listen when his father talked with the politicians. "I used to sit in the corner," he remembers. "During the time the visitor was there, I was not allowed to say a word. When he left, my father would explain to me what they had been saying."

When Paul died in 1964 and Constantine graduated to the throne, many feared that the young King, who has said about his family that "we always used to work as a team," would be under the sway of the Queen Mother. But young Constantine soon showed that he had considerable toughness. He decided that his job was not for a puppet or a figurehead, and that he would have to reign as his family had before him—within the constitutional rights

of the monarchy but with the strength and determination of a modern king. In fact, the Greek King has considerably more constitutional powers than most kings. He is the supreme authority of the state and commander in chief of the armed forces, concludes treaties and declares war, convokes and dissolves Parliament and appoints and dismisses ministers.

Moss Transfer. It is these powers that started the chain of trouble in which King Constantine found himself enmeshed last week. It began with the downfall of the conservative government of Constantine Karamanlis, who brought considerable stability to Greece for eight years even though his foes claimed that his elections were sham. A sweeping electoral victory in 1964 brought to power George Papandreu, the velvet-tongued leftist who has carved his image in Greek political life for a half century.

Papandreu's Center Union Party won an unprecedented 53% of the vote in national elections and carried 171 seats in the 300-seat Greek Parliament. Greece seemed about to enter another period of stable government under the new Premier. But no sooner had he taken over than Papandreu started a mass transfer of pro-palace military officers to the hinterlands, shuffling off no fewer than 2,350 officers to outlying districts away from the army nerve centers in the cities. Since the King must turn to the army when in trouble, Constantine did not like to see his loyal officers so dispersed.

Soon afterward charges by General George Grivas, the Greek army commander on Cyprus, shook the Papandreu government like a row of fig trees in a thunderstorm. Grivas said that he had uncovered a plot on Cyprus in which a group of junior officers were plotting to overthrow the monarchy, purge the army of royalists, and install an army brand of socialism. Their code name, he said, was Aspidia (shield), but his most damaging statement was that their leader was none other than Papandreu's son Andreas, onetime chairman of the department of economics at the University of California at Berkeley and for a while a naturalized U.S. citizen. Andreas' ambitions, his brash style and socialist leanings make him nothing less than a political outlaw to the royalists.

When the King asked for "an administrative investigation" of the Aspidia plot, the elder Papandreu tried to fire the Defense Minister, who was to conduct the inquiry, and attempted to take over the job himself. In his first big political test a mere 16 months after ascending the throne, King Constantine held firm. He told Papandreu that he would allow any member of the Center Union Party to conduct the investigation but, since it primarily involved Papandreu's son, he would not allow Papandreu to be the final judge of what action to take. Papandreu ac-



QUEEN ANNE-MARIE (CENTER), CONSTANTINE AND QUEEN MOTHER FREDERIKA AT CONCERT
Necessary umbrella to shade the fiery spirit.

enced the King of unconstitutional meddling in politics, and resigned. His supporters were surging through the streets, rioting. It was the summer of 1965—the tensest time in Greece since the Communist insurgency of 1946-49.

Since Papandreou's forces in Parliament remained a majority, the King thereafter had to appoint feeble caretaker governments. Papandreou's eventual successor, Stephan Stephanopoulos (who was also arrested last week), succeeded in whittling the Papandreou majority to a bare plurality by forging a coalition of parties. At the same time, the whole country anxiously awaited the opening of the Aspida trial, in which 28 officers were charged with high treason. The raucous proceedings, which began last November and lasted for four months in an Athens courtroom, finally resulted in March in conviction and prison sentences for 15 of the defendants. The royalists hoped to embarrass the Papandreou even further, but Son Andreas could not be brought to trial because he enjoyed immunity from prosecution as a member of Parliament.

Another Crisis. By the time the Stephanopoulos government fell last December, few Greek leaders were willing to take on the task of heading a government. "There is not a single politician around who would be an excellent Premier," said the King. The situation seemed saved again when Papandreou reached an agreement with the head of the National Radical Union, Panayotis Kanellopoulos. Both agreed to back a caretaker government that would carry the country through elections to be held late in May. But the Center Union Party sponsored a motion that would have assured Andreas his parliamentary immunity between the time when Parliament adjourned and the planned elections. The National Radical Union, unwilling to protect Andreas, backed out of the coalition. This time the King asked Kanellopoulos to form a government, touching off the upheaval that has led straight to the military takeover.

"People's Revolution." The Papandreou refused to back Kanellopoulos, claiming that the National Radical Union had rigged elections in the past and would do so again. Army leaders, on the other hand, were dismayed at the incredible knot tied by the politicians and were ever more fearful that Papandreou would once again reap gains at the polls. Moreover, they knew that Andreas Papandreou had been saying privately: "I am convinced that Greece must have a revolution."

The military's mood was not improved when placard-waving, pro-Papandreou forces took to the streets, baiting right-wing students in Salonica and police in Athens. "This will be a constitutional deviation, a royal dictatorship," Papandreou predicted. "We have only one answer: a people's revolution." To this the King replied: "I

Papandreou starts a revolution. I will start the counter-revolution." Unable to get enough votes to form a government, Kanellopoulos dissolved Parliament, set the elections for May 28—and thus, wittingly or unwittingly, cleared the stage for last week's coup.

Something for Everyone. The man who led the coup was Lieut. General Gregorios Spandidakis, 57, the army chief of staff, who announced that a "royal decree" had suspended eleven articles of the Greek constitution—even though Constantine was asleep in bed when the coup took place. The army won support from the navy and air force, and the military set out to form a new government. In a brief and simple ceremony, the new rulers were sworn into office by Chrysostomos, the Archbishop and Primate of Greece. To show his disapproval, King Constantine did not attend the ceremony, refused to take to the radio to address the people.

The new government was, of course, dominated by the military. The sole civilian, who will probably be used as a figurehead, is Premier Constantine Kollias, 66, the former chief prosecutor in the Greek Supreme Court, who is a supporter of the King and an enemy of the Papandreou. General Spandidakis became Vice Premier and Defense Minister. The important Ministry of the Interior and Security went to Brigadier General Stylianos Patakos. The post of Secretary of the Cabinet went to Colonel George Papadopoulos, the commander of the Athens garrison, who reportedly directed the force that seized the armed forces radio station, occupied the government buildings and arrested political leaders. The other ministries were distributed among senior army, navy and air force officers and a few compliant civilians. In an action that had a certain tone of the Red Guard to it, they ordered the Greek radio to play martial music and give forth tirelessly with such slogans as "Let us take our heroic ancestors for an example" and "Let the flowers of regeneration bloom over the debris of the regime of falsehood."

Premier Kollias, a bespectacled, mustachioed man who had a reputation as a conservative while a civil servant, spelled out the government's new program on radio. He promised something for just about everybody. Greece's government, he said, endorsed the ideals of the United Nations and would stand by its commitment to NATO. It would try and settle the dispute with Turkey over Cyprus in an amicable way, would work at home for better education and government services, for higher wages and better distribution of the country's wealth. Kollias also promised to reform the country's backbiting political system and restore parliamentary rule—but he did not say when: next month's elections will almost certainly be called off. In fact, the flaw in the speech was the lack of detail about how Greece's



VAN FLEET (RIGHT) & GREEK GENERALS IN 1949
First whistle in the hills.

military masters intend to accomplish what other leaders, including King Constantine, have tried and failed to do.

Not so Normal. By week's end, the new government was solidly enough in control to relax some of the security precautions. Barricades and machine-gun emplacements were removed from downtown Athens and Piraeus. Tanks returned to their bases. Greece's borders were once more opened to travelers; ports and airports resumed normal operations. Premier Kollias called on businessmen to reopen banks, stock exchanges and factories so that the country's economic life would not be harmed. Still, Greece had by no means returned to normal. Though many conservative politicians were released from custody, hundreds of others remained behind the walls of army compounds. Newspapers were not allowed to publish; the only radio allowed to operate in all of Greece was the armed forces' station. Martial law was still in effect, and soldiers continued to patrol the streets.

In this tense situation, the King remained the one unifying force in the country. The new government had without a doubt reduced his power, but his defiant disapproval of the coup had enhanced his stature. For years, the monarchy has depended all too heavily on the Greek military for support. It would now be Constantine's task to influence the military toward moderation—if he can—in order to lessen the chance that his country will slip into civil war.

With Van Fleet, two of the leading Greek commanders in the anti-Communist struggle, Brigadier General Nicolas Papadopoulos (pointing) and General Alexander Papagos (hands in pockets).

WEST GERMANY

An Imperishable Place

Konrad Adenauer would have liked the company, and enjoyed being the center of attention. To his funeral in Cologne this week came the rulers and statesmen of the Atlantic world, including Presidents Johnson and De Gaulle, Britain's Harold Wilson, and the heads of some ten or more other European governments. It was a fitting tribute to the man who, more than any other, had shaped the destiny of postwar Europe. His death last week at 91 came at a time of change and unease within Europe and between Europe and the U.S., and the summit gathering for his funeral thus focused attention on one of his favorite approaches to trouble: whatever the disagreements, get together and talk.

Though no formal talks were planned, the statesmen attending the funeral would have plenty of chances to get together, particularly at a lunch and dinner given by the West Germans. Lyndon Johnson especially wanted to meet West German Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger, and he would, of course, see Charles de Gaulle, to whom he had not talked in person since President Kennedy's funeral. In the American delegation were Secretary of State Dean Rusk, former High Commissioner in Germany John J. McCloy; General Lucius D. Clay, onetime military governor of the U.S. zone; and former CIA Director Allen Dulles—all old friends of Adenauer.

The funeral obsequies themselves were planned to take careful note of the detailed habits and personal preferences of *der Alte*. Through the streets of the village of Rhöndorf, where he had so often walked, rolled his casket, passing the white Catholic church in which he had worshiped, crossing his beloved Rhine on a ferry beneath the brooding Drachenfels. It proceeded over the exact route through Bonn that Adenauer had always taken on his way to the Bundestag. There, on the very spot where for 14 years as Chancellor Adenauer had presided over Cabinet meetings, the simple brown oak coffin lay in state for two days, while thousands of Germans filed past. Then, in the soaring, twin-spired Cathedral of Cologne, where he had knelt as the city's mayor, a pontifical Requiem Mass was to be sung by Josef Cardinal Frings. From Cologne, Adenauer's body was to be taken by a German navy patrol boat up the Rhine and back to Rhöndorf for burial in the secluded family plot where rest his two wives and an infant son. Adenauer loved flowers and trees, and the site is already blooming in azaleas, pansies, primulas and red and pink rhododendrons.

Hideous Heritage. *Der Alte* himself bloomed late in life, beginning his main mission when he was 73. In 1949,

when, as Chancellor Kiesinger said last week, "he took over the office of Chancellor, the name of Germany in the world was that of an outcast. He who had opposed dictatorship had to take over the heritage of misery, bitterness, hostility and hatred that it had left behind." As the architect and first Chancellor of West Germany, Adenauer singlehanded led his nation from the ruins of that hideous heritage to a respected and prosperous place among Western nations.

He saw that the way to save Germany from itself was to forge strong ties with the U.S., to end the ancient animosity between Germany and France and to so tie Germany to a larger united Europe that it could never again turn to its dark past. He understood the German

ROBERT LAKSENEN



KONRAD ADENAUER in 1962
Singlehanded from the ruins.

character and the nation's need in the dire days after the war for an authoritarian father figure, which he provided. He did not allow notions of guilt to cripple his actions, but he unflinchingly accepted German guilt for the war and the Nazi atrocities and unhesitatingly made massive reparations to Israel. Adamantly opposed to Communism as a tyranny as evil as Nazism, he insisted that U.S. troops remain in Germany. And when the time came, he insisted, too, that Germany rearm as part of NATO even though much of German public opinion opposed it. He built the Christian Democratic Party into West Germany's strongest, and made it live up to its name—both parts. He was, as Socialist Willy Brandt observed last week, above all a man who "set standards."

A Thick Skin. Konrad Adenauer was born in 1876, when Bismarck was governing a recently united German nation. At 29, he was refused a life insurance policy as a bad risk because of weak lungs; at 68, his Gestapo jailers feared

that he might commit suicide because, they reasoned, at that age, he "had nothing more to expect from life." He grew up in the Rhineland, with a Rhinish and Roman Catholic German's lifelong distaste for Berliners and Prussians. His weak lungs also kept him out of World War I; by 1917, he was Lord Mayor of Cologne, his birthplace. That year plastic surgery following an auto accident froze his facial features into the cat's mask the world was later to know so well.

Adenauer served as Cologne's mayor until 1933, when Hitler took over. Brownshirts adorned the city's bridge with swastika flags for the Führer's first visit, but Adenauer had them torn down before Hitler arrived and refused to greet him. That abruptly ended his career as mayor, and he was classified as "politically unreliable." He spent the next twelve years alternately in prison or reading and tending his roses in the hillside villa he built at Rhöndorf. There, near war's end, he was nearly hit by an American shell as he watched the advancing U.S. Army cross the Rhine.

The Americans reinstated him as mayor of Cologne, but when the British took over the city, they fired him; they wanted someone more tractable than the strong-willed Adenauer. The experience, *der Alte* acidly reminded the British, was not a new one for him: Cologne's loss was Germany's gain; he entered national politics with the young Christian Democratic Party, in 1949 squeaked in as Bonn's first Chancellor by a single-vote majority—his own.

For the next 14 years, even when at times he did not possess an absolute majority, he ruled with an iron patriarchal hand, guided by a deep Christian faith, a humanist's conviction in the rightness of democratic ways and a shrewd political gift for manipulating men. He thought out his strategies well in advance, reducing alternatives to their simplest dimensions, and he dealt with problems according to his maxim that "a thick skin is a gift from God." When the German public grumbled about the slowness of Allied decontrol, he replied: "Who do you think won the war?"

Unchaste Offers. In 1951, Adenauer met secretly in a London hotel suite with Dr. Nahum Goldmann, president of the World Jewish Congress. Goldmann spoke for 25 minutes of Germany's crimes against Jewry. When he had finished, the usually unemotional Adenauer said: "While you spoke, I felt the wings of history in this room. What do you want concretely?" Goldmann asked for \$1 billion in reparations for Israel; Adenauer agreed on the spot.

His first major step in bind Germany to France and Europe was the 1952 merger of the coal and steel resources of France, Germany, Italy and the Benelux nations. The six went on to form the Common Market in 1958 and became Europe's best hope of unity. In 1955, he won for Germany a place in NATO and thus further links to the Western com-

* Adenauer's seven surviving children: Konrad Jr., 60; Max, 56; Marie, 55; Paul, 43; Lotte, 41; Lili, 38; and Georg, 35.



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it disappears in mixed drinks. Four Roses is blended to survive in mixed drinks. (A feat that was possible because we have the largest whiskey library in the world.) Light? And it holds up in mixed drinks? Enjoy yourself.

munity of nations. Like John Foster Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State at the time, *der Alte* saw Communism as an implacable threat to his Christian conception of Western civilization. Dulles and Adenauer became fast friends. As with no other American diplomat, Adenauer felt that Dulles always told Bonn the truth. Dulles was, in fact, the statesman *der Alte* most admired because "he thought clearly, thought ahead, and he kept his promises."

Disasteful though it was, Adenauer journeyed to Moscow in 1955 to see whether any hope could be found in the Kremlin for German reunification. There was none, except in the form of "some very unchaste offers" from Khrushchev. Even though European unity was set back by the ascendancy of Charles de Gaulle, and specifically by De Gaulle's veto of British Common Market membership on Jan. 14, 1963, Adenauer a scant week later concluded a perpetual Treaty of Friendship with France, to much dismay in the West.

A Lotter Mistrust. It was not done out of admiration for De Gaulle, whose narrow nationalism *der Alte* found an emotional atavism. Rather, in the absence of genuine European unity, Adenauer fell back on the keystone relationship of France and Germany for the well-being of Europe. And he kept right on working for the larger goal of a united Europe after his retirement as Chancellor. In the last month of his life, before he came down fatally with flu and bronchitis, Adenauer met with Chancellor Kiesinger and "urgently impressed on me," said Kiesinger, "this great concern of his life." He also wrote to De Gaulle in the same vein, well aware that the general was evincing reluctance to attend the summit meeting of Common Market leaders in Rome next month.

In recent years, *der Alte* came to mistrust American policy around the world. He wanted the U.S. to withdraw from Viet Nam, believing that it was diluting Washington's interest in Bonn and Europe. Every fresh move toward détente with Russia added to his unease about the course of Atlantic affairs. Much of his unseemly sniping at his successor, Ludwig Erhard, stemmed from his worry that Erhard was too unceremoniously—and undemandingly—pro-American.

Toward new Chancellor Kiesinger, Adenauer was more kindly disposed. Kiesinger moved to tighten ties with France and, in Adenauer's view, acted a little more aloof from Washington. These were policies that followed *der Alte's* own counsel: trust in the wisdom of others was never one of Adenauer's virtues. That the changing nature of Communism in Europe, and of Europe itself, might be outrunning his own concept of *Realpolitik* did not seem to have occurred to him. But then, it hardly mattered. Adenauer's certainty of purpose at a time when Germany most needed it had already earned him an imperishable place in history.

YUGOSLAVIA

Resilient Critics

Adversity only seems to make stouter the hearts of President Tito's critics in Communist Yugoslavia. Tito's most stubborn foe, Milovan Djilas, 56, who has been freed after a total of almost nine years in prison, vows to go on writing. "If I cannot speak," he says, "what good is it to be out of prison?" The editors of the Yugoslav magazine *Praxis*, which stopped publishing eight months ago when Tito angrily denounced its cries for reform, have just come out with a new issue that is no less defiant than before. About the least penitent of all the authors punished by Tito is Mihajlo Mihajlov, 33, who last week was led from Sremska Mitrovica prison to

society in which only one party exists, where a single man is head of state and at the same time head of the army and the party, then look in the encyclopedia and you will find that that is totalitarianism." In fact, he added brazenly, the one-party monopoly of government, which is nowhere mentioned in the Yugoslav constitution, is far more illegal than his own writings. "My ideas are socialist and democratic," he said, "but a small handful of people, some 6%, are outside the law and monopolize society. The paradoxical fact is that Marxist ideas are far more alive today in the West than here in the East because of lack of discussion."

Mihajlov, who has been ousted from his post as a lecturer in Russian literature at the Zadar branch of Zagreb University, represents a younger generation of intellectuals. Unlike Djilas, they have never had strong ties to the party and believe that it is too flabby to carry out reforms pledged by Tito. Mihajlov was convicted twice before, once for an anti-Soviet article, "Moscow Summer 1964," which was published in both Yugoslavia and the U.S. The reason for his latest trial is the publication abroad of two of his articles and a letter in which he outlined a plan for an opposition magazine. The letter spoke of uniting such diverse groups as discontented technocrats and Serbian and Croatian nationalists; Mihajlov was accused of having made contact with dissident émigré nationalists. Because of the historical threat of Balkanization in Yugoslavia, such activities worry Tito as much as Mihajlov's anti-party activities.

Not Convinced. The fact that Tito has allowed *Praxis* to reappear testifies to his greater tolerance for criticism that comes from within the party. Unlike Mihajlov, the *Praxis* editors do not go so far as to challenge one-party predominance. They do, however, advocate more party democracy. Since most of the contributors are Communists, their arguments are usually buttressed with skillful Marxist chapter and verse that is hard to refute. Tito closed down *Praxis* for so-called "ideological deviations," but later relented. Last week, in a triumphant return to the newsstands (the entire 5,000-copy edition was sold out), the editors boldly announced: "We are not convinced that we were mistaken on any essential point."

To make sure that any future effort to suppress *Praxis* will bring international embarrassment to Tito, the editors hit upon the strategy of listing on their masthead the flock of Westerners and Marxists who serve on its advisory board. Among those on the new masthead: Harvard Sociologist David Riesman, who said that he allowed his name to be used because he admires the magazine's work and its courage in putting non-Communists on its board.



MIHAJLOV IN BELGRADE COURT
Pure heresy for a defense.

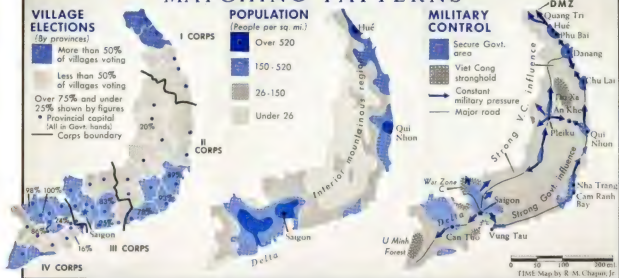
face his third trial in two years for "spreading hostile propaganda against the regime." Mihajlov presented a defense that was pure heresy—and for his pains was found guilty and sent back to prison for another four years.

The Mihajlov case came at a time when Tito is waging a strong campaign against liberals and is trying to reinforce party discipline after the Serbo-Croat dispute over language (*TIME*, April 7). In a speech last week in Belgrade, he singled out the press and radio as particularly plagued by "rotten liberalism," and went on to say: "The Communist Party is not a liberal organization in which everybody does what he wants. It is a Marxist organization that is not surpassed. The party continues to have the decisive role in our entire life."

Brazen Charge. That is just the trouble, insists Mihajlov, who charged in court that Yugoslavia is a totalitarian state. When challenged, he said: "In a

One of Marx's favorite Greek words, *praxis* means the dependence of man on nature.

MATCHING PATTERNS



SOUTH VIET NAM

The Candidates Emerge

The first stage of South Viet Nam's nationwide elections, the polling to select village officials, is nearing an end. So far, despite Viet Cong terrorism aimed at disrupting the elections, about 81% of all the voters in polling areas have gone to the polls to cast their ballots into the red-and-yellow straw boxes. By the end of April, some 1,800,000 Vietnamese in 991 villages will have exercised this basic right of democracy for the first time. In June, another 400,000 Vietnamese will vote in hamlet elections.

The pattern of voting reflects the realities—and the hopes—of the war in Viet Nam (see map). No voting is being attempted in areas held by the Viet Cong or strongly influenced by the Communists. The provinces with the highest percentage of villages participating are naturally those areas strongly secured by Saigon and the U.S. Allied control and influence are greatest in the areas of largest population density in South Viet Nam. But with commendable caution, Saigon is holding elections only where the safety of the voters from reprisals can be reasonably assured. Thus only about half of the nation's citizenry in the countryside will vote this summer; but as Allied control and influence continue to grow, each newly secured area will join the march to the polls.

In the process of electing their own officials, the villages and hamlets will acquire a long-desired autonomy from Saigon. Villages, for example, will be able to retain some 40% of the taxes they collect, spend it on local public works. Since decades of nonparticipation as the pawns of arbitrary central government have given the villagers few skills to manage their own affairs, the Saigon government is providing win-

ning village-council candidates with crash courses in the fundamentals of bookkeeping and governing.

Looks & Flamboyance. On a national scale, several candidates are also undergoing crash courses in the art of running for the presidency, for which the electorate will vote in September. The two chief prospective candidates, of course, are the two generals who now rule the country: Premier Nguyen Cao Ky and Chief of State Nguyen Van Thieu. Both want the presidency, but each wants it with the support of the other and without splitting the armed forces into two camps. Thieu, at 44, is older than Ky by eight years and undoubtedly commands more respect among his fellow officers. A Catholic, a Northerner and an immensely competent but unobtrusive man, Thieu admits that Ky for the moment has all the advantages. The very Ky qualities that sometimes rub the generals the wrong way are electorally appealing: Ky's flamboyance in dress and dashing manner, his pilot's lean good looks and his beautiful wife. Moreover, Ky has, as Premier, been able to seed some key posts in the government with powerful supporters, such as Brigadier General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, chief of security and the political police.

The jockeying between Ky and Thieu is likely to go on behind the scenes right up until the deadline for declaring; then, one will likely stand down and throw his support to the other in order to give the military candidate powerful backing. In the Byzantine world of Vietnamese politics, assuming that Ky gets the military nomination, his ultimate triumph at the polls is by no means a sure thing. His youth and the fact that he is a Northerner both work against him. Lately Saigon has been abuzz with rumors that Duong Van Minh, better known as Big Minh when he was Chief of State and commander in chief in

1963, might return from exile in Bangkok to enter the lists. The good-natured general headed the coup that overthrew Diem, but he would have to come home with the suzerainty of the ruling generals, which is an unlikely prospect at the moment.

Automatic Underdog. The financial and power resources of the ruling Directorate of generals make any civilian an automatic underdog. But with the world watching closely to see if the first free presidential election in South Viet Nam's history will really be democratic, a civilian with the will to fight could make a good run for it. Three civilian candidates have already thrown their hats into the ring. Phan Khac Suu, 62, onetime Chief of State and now speaker of the Constituent Assembly that framed the nation's new constitution, was the first to announce. A Southerner and something of a mystic, the white-haired Suu is agreeable to nearly everyone; he is so agreeable, in fact, that he is given little chance of being elected.

Another declared civilian is Nguyen Dinh Quat, 49, a Saigon businessman and former plantation owner, who in 1961 had the courage—or misjudgment—to run against President Ngo Dinh Diem. His reward was to be disposed of all his property by the Diem regime. A Northerner, Quat is now thought to be interested less in the presidency than in being chosen as a stronger candidate's vice-presidential running mate. The third civilian is Ha Thue Ky, 48, a forestry engineer and Hue businessman nominated by the Dai Viet Party, a small, ultranationalist grouping. No relation to Premier Ky, he, like Quat, can best hope for the role of a running mate.

Yet undeclared but likely to run is ex-Prime Minister, ex-Saigon Mayor, ex-Schoolteacher Tran Van Huong, 63, who would almost certainly have the best chance of any civilian candidate.

Intelligent, tough and rigidly honest, a quality not much in currency among Vietnamese. Huong has announced that he will run if the final election law, yet to be completed in detail, is so framed that a civilian candidate has a fair chance of winning.

One More. Once the presidential elections are completed, along with upper house elections to be held on Sept. 1 as well, only one more election will remain to complete South Viet Nam's transition to civilian rule. That election, for the lower house, will take place on Oct. 1. Gracing the October roster of candidates may well be Mme. Nguyen Ky, onetime airline stewardess known as "the beauty of Air Viet Nam," who recently has confided to friends that she would not mind at all being a lady Congresswoman.

RUSSIANS

"Hello There, Everybody"

She was not the usual sort of leggy glamorous girl who is ordinarily greeted by photographers when landing at Kennedy Airport. Her hair was bobbed a trifle close, her figure was a trifle stout, and her face was round and beaming but she nonetheless had a special kind of glamour. As more than 100 newsmen and airport police surrounded her, a forest of microphones poking from their midst, Svetlana Stalina, 42, daughter of Joseph Stalin and by far the most prominent defector ever to pass through the Iron Curtain, gave her first greeting

to the U.S. "Hello there, everybody," she said. "I am very happy to be here."

Svetlana flew in from Switzerland, where she had spent six weeks in seclusive seclusion and "hard thinking" after having decided to remain in the West while on a visit to India (TIME, March 24). Although she entered the U.S. on a tourist visa that expires June 6, it was plain that the formalities of her entrance were unimportant and that she could stay in the U.S. as long as she wished. The process of getting her to the U.S. was a diplomatic nightmare. From the moment she appeared at the U.S. Embassy in New Delhi seven weeks ago and asked to see the ambassador, Svetlana became a source of potential conflict between Russia and the U.S.

Her Own Doing. The concern of the State Department has been to convince the Kremlin that Svetlana's defection was entirely her own doing—a conviction that should come easier when it reads her extraordinary statement about why she left Russia (see box). To demonstrate its innocence of any foul play, Washington decided that Svetlana could not come directly to the U.S., instead found temporary refuge for her in Switzerland. Sensitive to Russian pressures, the Swiss granted her a visa only on the condition that she stay out of sight and do nothing that could be interpreted as a slam at the Soviet Union. Although Svetlana is not a political person ("I hate politics," she told an Indian friend), she obviously could not remain in that condition indefinitely.



SVETLANA ARRIVING AT KENNEDY
Free soul in a fettered society.

nitely. She decided to come to the U.S.

Despite her aversion to politics, Svetlana was the person closest to Stalin during the last decade of his rule. It was a strange relationship, for the two had little in common. In looks and temperament, Svetlana took after her mother, Nadezhda Allilueva, who was shot to death in 1932 shortly after an argument with Stalin. Like her mother, Svetlana was a free soul in a society fettered by her father, and has even adopted her mother's maiden name (she calls herself Svetlana Allilueva). As Stalin's daughter, she was, as she put it last week, "a kind of state property."

SVETLANA SPEAKS

When I left Moscow last December in order to convey the ashes of my late husband, Mr. Brajesh Singh, to his home in India, I fully expected to return to Russia within one month's time. However, during my stay in India I decided that I could not return to Moscow.

It was my own decision, based on my own feelings and experiences, without anyone's advice or help or instruction. The strongest struggle was going on in my heart all that time because I would have to leave my children and not see them for quite a long time. I did everything to force myself to return home.

But all was in vain. I went instead to the United States Embassy in New Delhi, hoping for help and understanding. I have come here in order to seek the self-expression that has been denied me for so long in Russia.

Since my childhood I have been taught Communism, and I did believe in it, as we all did, my generation. But slowly, with age and experience I began to think differently. In recent years, we in Russia have begun to think, to discuss, to argue, and we are not so much automatically devoted any more to the ideas which we were taught.

Also religion has done a lot to change me. I was brought up in a family where there was never any talk about God. But when I became a grown-up person I found that it was impossible to exist without God in one's heart. I came to that conclusion myself, without anybody's help or preaching. But that was a great change because since that moment the main dogmas of Communism lost their significance for me.

Instead of struggling and causing unnecessary bloodshed, people should work more together for the progress of humanity. This is the only thing which I can take seriously—the work of teachers, scientists, educated priests, doctors, lawyers, their work all over the world,

notwithstanding states and borders, political parties and ideologies. There are no capitalists and Communists for me, there are good people, or bad people, honest or dishonest, and in whatever country they live people are the same everywhere, and their best expectations and moral ideals are the same.

My late husband, Brajesh Singh, was a wonderful man and my children and I loved him very much. Unfortunately the Soviet authorities refused to recognize our marriage officially because he was a foreigner and I, because of my name, was considered as a kind of state property. Even the question of whether I should be allowed to marry a citizen of India was decided by the party and the Government. Moreover, we could not travel together to see his homeland, or anywhere else outside of Russia. The Government refused to allow me to take him to India, his homeland, before he died. After he died the Government finally allowed me to take his ashes home. For me, it was too late. My husband's death brought my long repressed feelings about my life to the surface. I felt it impossible to be silent and tolerant anymore.

The publication of my book will symbolize for me the main purpose of my journey here. The freedom of self-expression which I seek can, I hope, take the form of additional writing, study and reading on the literary subjects in which I am most interested.

Despite the deep desires which have led me to the United States, I cannot forget that my children are in Moscow. But I know they will understand me and what I have done. They also belong to the new generation in our country, which does not want to be fooled by old ideas. They also want to make their own conclusions about life.

Let God help them. I know they will not reject me and one day we shall meet. I will wait for that.

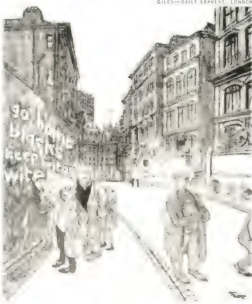
Rather than take a high job in the Communist Party, she went to work as an English translator for a Moscow book publisher. "My interests were primarily literary," she said, "and my friends were drawn largely from the ranks of writers, artists and teachers." Like many of her friends, she had written a manuscript that she knew could not be published in the Soviet Union, and she brought it to India with her when she left. It was an 80,000-word account of her life with father.

On the way to Switzerland seven weeks ago, Svetlana turned the manuscript over to the U.S. State Department. State passed it on to former U.S. Ambassador to Moscow George Kennan, a Russian scholar who is at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study. Kennan was impressed. Svetlana's memoirs, he found, are not an exposé of Stalin's sins but a "literary and philosophical document" of human reaction to the Stalin era. He telephoned Washington to offer his services to Svetlana as a private citizen. He also called his neighbor in Princeton, Edward S. Greenbaum, 77, a literary lawyer whose most celebrated recent victory had been on behalf of Author William Manchester's *Death of a President*. With the approval of the State Department, both men flew to Switzerland to talk to Svetlana at her secret retreat.

Car & Dog. They found Svetlana a receptive, if innocent, child. She had never had a bank account, had no idea that she would need a lawyer to protect her interests. All she hoped for from her manuscript was enough money to buy a car and a dog—a "gypsy" dog, she said, like her. Returning to New York, Greenbaum had no trouble landing her a contract with Harper & Row that would give her much more than car and dog; her book will be published in October, after serialization in *LIFE* and the *New York Times*, and Svetlana plans to donate some of the proceeds to charities in India. With the details worked out, she telephoned her children in Moscow, then started preparations to come to the U.S.

Before her arrival, however, Kennan had a few words to say. Svetlana Stalina, he said, is not a "defector" in the usual cold war sense. "Rather, she is a person 'whose interests are literary and humane. She loves her country and hopes, with her writing and her activity outside Russia, to bring benefit to it, and not harm.'"

Svetlana can hardly avoid becoming something of a celebrity in the U.S. Although elaborate security measures were taken to keep her hidden during her first few days in the U.S., it took newsmen less than a day to track her down. Svetlana was staying at the home of Long Island Socialite Stuart Johnson, whose daughter Priscilla is the translator of her book, and she apparently had no intention of staying out of sight entirely. Hardly had she arrived at the Johnson home when she set out on foot for a look around town.



"WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT 'MANY HAPPY RETURNS, HITLER' IT'S HIS BIRTHDAY TODAY."

GREAT BRITAIN

Race Report

The British have always been stuffy about race, but the stuffiness has grown with the influx in recent years of some 625,000 immigrants. Whether a man is a blue-black African, a coffee-colored Jamaican, an Aryan Pakistani or even a Cypriot of Greek descent, he is considered "colored" in Britain and almost invariably discriminated against. Two years ago Parliament passed a half-hearted race-relations act forbidding discrimination in hotels, restaurants, theaters and public transport, but the law is so impossible to enforce that no one has yet been convicted of breaking it. Moreover, it makes no attempt at all to prevent discrimination in jobs and housing, which are the real heart of the matter to the "colored" trying to live decent lives in Britain.

Last week Harold Wilson's government published a 141-page report that showed for the first time just how bad things really are for Britain's colored. According to the report, 36% of all colored immigrants claimed specific instances of job discrimination, more than half had trouble getting car insurance (and those who got it often had to pay higher rates), and real estate agents refused to show colored men unfurnished apartments anywhere.

Practically no jobs at all are open to dark-skinned skilled workers. "The men in this shop do not work with coloreds," a West Indian cabinetmaker was told. A Pakistani was refused a job as a gas pipefitter because "colored people can't work in white homes." The applicant for another job was turned away with an even simpler explanation: "No black bastards wanted."

With the Race Relations Board expected to announce similar findings this

week, the Labor government is under increasing pressure to press for better antidiscrimination legislation. The chances that it can do so successfully are not good. In the past ten years, Parliament has thrown out at least ten bills to control discrimination—and the mood has not changed. Two months ago, when the government called union leaders together to sound them out on fair employment laws, most of them boycotted the conference entirely.

LATIN AMERICA

Summit Benefits

Latin American Presidents are not, as a rule, a very chummy bunch; they have often preferred to go their separate ways. But such was the mood of camaraderie that marked the Punta del Este conference

that they have already begun to communicate with each other in a way that bodes well for the goal of building a Latin American common market. After leaving Punta del Este, Panama's Marco Robles traveled last week with Argentina's Juan Carlos Onganía to Buenos Aires for a twelve-hour personal visit. On his way home to Bogotá, Colombia's Carlos Lleras Restrepo stopped over in La Paz to deliver a message to President René Barrientos, who had boycotted the summit meeting. Lleras brought word from Chile's Eduardo Frei that he was willing to discuss with Barrientos the possibility of granting Bolivia access to the sea. Paraguay's Alfredo Stroessner plans to visit Onganía in Buenos Aires in July.

With the weariness born of too often seeing grandiose plans turn to dust, much of the hemisphere's press was openly skeptical about results of the conference, which Rio de Janeiro's *Jornal do Brasil* called "nothing but words, timid words." Even while complaining, though, many publications reflected the new mood of self-reliance and independence inspired by the Punta del Este talks. Said *Confirmado*, an Argentinean weekly: "Latin America has proved that it rejects dreams and prefers at last to go to work." Endorsing the common market, São Paulo's *O Estado* declared: "Regional integration is an imperative of modern economic life."

Only the Score. Back home, the Latin American Presidents helped spread the message of self-help that Lyndon Johnson had so effectively implanted in the face-to-face sessions. Breaking his custom of addressing his countrymen only once a year, Mexico's Gustavo Díaz Ordaz went on the radio as soon as he returned home to stress that Latin America must bear the chief responsibility for its own future. Said



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Detail enlargement shows how dots make up a color picture in printing.

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Something new has come to color printing—RCA's Color Scanner, part of the new Graphic 70 series. RCA's Color Scanner cuts time needed to prepare a color picture for printing by 75 per cent. Saves money, too—and produces more consistent quality.

And now something new has been added to RCA Victor Color TV. It's RCA's new rectangular Hi-Lite Tube with Perma-Chrome. It delivers uniform color purity the minute the picture comes on—no color distortions while the set is warming up. Keeps colors pure as long as you watch.

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and brings you color so real you'll think you are there

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RCA engineers are constantly pioneering
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for your business and for your pleasure—
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Plymouth is out to win you over
with the crew-size Fury wagons.



Watch your heart! A Fury wagon comes on like a family room on wheels.

Face it. Wagons have to be half bus, half truck. For moving things from here to there. Kids, rowing crews, whatever.

But there are ways to build wagons that look and act like luxury cars.

Slip inside the Fury III above. The load area stretches back like a cargo hold. (At over 107 cu. ft., it's the roomiest in Fury's class.) But the furnishings are straight from a banker's penthouse.

Door-to-door carpeting up front. Exclusive vinyl linoleum on the cargo floor.

(Instead of easily scarred paint.) All-vinyl upholstery. Optional air conditioners. (You can even get a supplementary rear seat unit—a Fury exclusive among its competitors.)

Now take a spin. Fury's standard V-8 and 121 in. wheelbase are the biggest in its class. Teamed with torsion-bar suspension, they deliver the performance and agility of a sedan.

Next, check the styling. It's a fine car enlarged upon, not a panel truck with windows.

Drive a "crew-size" Fury wagon soon.

Plymouth



Tune in Bob Hope and The Chrysler Theatre in color, Wednesdays. Major League Baseball in color, Saturdays. Both on NBC-TV.



DUVALIER



HAITIANS AWAITING PARADE OUTSIDE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE
Too helplessly backward even for the Communists.

President Fernando Belaúnde Terry to his fellow Peruvians: "The declaration of Punta del Este is only the score. Success will depend on how we play it."

The first major step toward building a common market for Latin America will come in midsummer, when officials of the two existing markets—the eleven-nation Latin American Free Trade Association and the five-nation Central American Common Market—will meet to discuss plans for merging the two zones into one economic community. Meanwhile, the Latins will talk among themselves about multilateral plans for better education, health and communications. By autumn, the first details of Latin America's new direction should begin to take shape.

HAITI

The Birthday Blowout

Haiti probably has less to celebrate than any other country on earth. Yet last week, in a four-day binge that it could ill afford, it celebrated the 60th birthday and tenth anniversary in power of the man who has made the country the mess it is: François ("Papa Doc") Duvalier. Haiti's official President-for-Life and Renovator of the Nation. The task of working up a suitable celebration fell to Director General of Tourism Luc Albert Foucard, who was appointed to his job shortly after he married Duvalier's daughter Nicole last December. To prove himself worthy—he and another Duvalier son-in-law are vying for the President's favor—Foucard pulled out all the stops.

He imported a score of beauty queens from Miami and the Dominican Republic and arranged a *fête culturelle* of poetry readings highlighted by the works of François Duvalier. Sample: "The black of my ebony skin merges with the shadows of the night." He prompted a two-hour recital of tributes by Haiti's leading politicians, soldiers,

scholars, businessmen and civil servants. He arranged a delegation of 2,000 uniformed schoolchildren, a parade of uniformed soldiers and, as the ultimate tribute to his new father-in-law, a massive replay of Haiti's carnival celebrations, which usually end with the beginning of Lent.

He could not, of course, arrange everything. As the carnival parade snaked by the presidential palace in Port-au-Prince, a bomb inside an ice-cream cart exploded in the middle of the crowd. Another bomb went off a few hours later, while the Haitian capital was blacked out by one of its recurrent power failures. The toll: two dead, 40 injured. Duvalier's response was automatic. While the sirens of ambulances pierced the air and the government-controlled radio station called for all doctors to report to the city's general hospital, he ordered the mobilization of Haiti's trigger-happy militia, known as the *Tonton Macoute*, or boogymen. Duvalier also placed the country's 5,000-man regular army on alert.

The Savior. The wonder is that there is anyone left in Haiti to set off bombs. In his years as President, Duvalier has stamped out virtually all opposition, executing 2,000 political enemies and driving the rest into exile or terrified silence. The *Tonton Macoute* is so ubiquitous that Haitians are afraid to talk to anyone they have not known for several years. The illiterate and docile peasants, who make up 90% of the Haitian population, believe what the government tells them—and it tells them ceaselessly that Papa Doc is their savior, to be revered on a par with Jesus Christ and Damballah, Haiti's voodoo snake god.

Though the U.S. has cut off direct aid to Duvalier's corrupt regime, he also has little to fear from the outside. In the past year he has repaired his relations with the once hostile Dominican

Republic, thanks largely to the fact that he once granted asylum to President Joaquín Balaguer. He also made his peace with the Roman Catholic Church in October by participating in a four-hour ceremony inaugurating the first native Haitian archbishop and four new Haitian bishops. The Vatican in return sent a new Papal nuncio and lifted Duvalier's earlier excommunication. As for the Communists, Haiti is one of the few Latin American countries on which they seem to have no designs: it is too helplessly backward even for them.

Drained Dry. Still, it is very profitable to be President of Haiti, or even close to the President. Under Duvalier, the government has become completely corrupt. Most Cabinet ministers are on the payroll of companies operating in Haiti, and bribes are a standard part of every government decision, from the granting of exit visas to the collection of corporate taxes. Duvalier himself, whose official salary is \$14,000 a year, has acquired an estate worth millions in Haiti alone, is reputed to have millions more stashed away in numbered Swiss bank accounts. The primary source of his wealth is the *Régie du Tabac*, a government agency that was started to collect tobacco taxes but has since expanded to levy unofficial (and unreported) taxes on every single product sold in the country.

Such practices have drained Haiti dry. Once the most prosperous colony of the old French empire, it is today the poorest nation in all of Latin America. Its economy has been reduced in the main to rudimentary farming on worn-out land. Its once profitable tourist trade has been scared away by the boogymen and their works. Starvation and disease are so widespread that Haiti, alone among all the countries of the hemisphere, refuses to publish figures on the life expectancy of its population. The reason: they would be too shamefully low.

PEOPLE

Invitations to the Paris gala benefit prescribed: "*Smoking pour les hommes et pour les femmes*," which in this case did not mean that everyone should light up a Gauloise. *Smoking* meant *le smoking*, French for dinner jacket, and nearly all the girls, falling in with a trend started by Designer Yves St. Laurent last year, showed up looking like either Marlene Dietrich or a headwaiter. Well, almost. Certainly no one would have taken Singer **Françoise Hardy**, 23, for a captain. Still, the men in the crowd at the Moulin Rouge party seemed more fascinated by the barely clad dancers onstage than they did by *le smoking*.

During more than 50 years in the business, Society Bandleader **Meyer Davis** has gone bouncing along, adapting his sidemen to such mysterious rites as the shimmy, the black bottom, the big apple and the lindy. Now Meyer and his boys are constrained to blare out frug and watusi beats to accompany the debutantes. But the end is in sight, he says hopefully. "A lot of younger people are getting tired of that terrible noise," he remarked in Manhattan. "It's the death of conversation. Besides, boys are beginning to realize that it's sort of pleasant to hold a girl in their arms when they dance."

"Shut up, you moron!" roared **Gaston Defferre**, 56, a Socialist Deputy and mayor of Marseille. Those were fighting words to Gaullist Deputy **René Ribière**, 45, and after all the political caterwauling had died down in France's National Assembly, he confronted the Socialist to demand satisfaction. Despite friends' pleas to forget the nonsense, Ribière chose words, they both chose seconds and met next day at noon in suburban Neuilly. "This is not



FRANÇOISE HARDY
Mod for *le smoking*.

a comedy," growled Defferre. "I am not going to stop until I'm hors de combat." "Oh, really?" gulped Ribière, who had never even held a sword before. For four minutes the gallants scuffled and grunted, until Defferre nicked Ribière on the wrist and then opened a small cut on his forearm. At that point, the loser allowed as how honor had been satisfied. "He's still a moron," said Defferre. "It's congenital."

Something like 4,000 folks turned out to meet Georgia's Governor **Lester Maddox**, 51, at an open house at the executive mansion in Atlanta, and everybody was having a real fine howdy when suddenly a Negro lady whispered to Mrs. Maddox: "These four men here are convicts—and one of them is my son." Indeed, the next four guests in the receiving line had just escaped from a prison work camp in Wilkinson County, and they had a lot more to say than just hello. After he'd uncricked his neck from the double take, Maddox led them to an office to hear about the camp where, they said, guards amused themselves by threatening to shoot the prisoners' legs off, the barracks were overcrowded, and the toilets never flushed properly. Maddox ordered an immediate investigation.

As soon as he got his driver's license, Britain's **Prince Charles**, 18, picked up a sedan from the royal carpool, and set off for a night on the town. Beside him in the front seat of the Rover when he pulled up to London's Vaudeville Theatre was a tall, smashing

blonde: so naturally next day all of Fleet Street was front-paging hot items about "the mystery girl" and guessing that for the first time ever Charlie had a girl friend. Actually the mystery girl was just a friend of the family, Angela Rau, 27, an Australian who was in fact being escorted by Anthony Tryon, 26, son of Lord Tryon, keeper of the privy purse. The Prince was still squiring his sister Princess Anne.

Boarding the plane at Burlington, Vt., Mrs. Marlene Chasnov, 23, had an uneasy feeling that her 19-month-old son Craig was ill. And as the plane approached New York, the child began to have convulsions. "I stood up and screamed for someone to help me," she said. "There was only one passenger who didn't look at us as if we had leprosy. He got up and put his thumb in Craig's mouth to keep him from swallowing his tongue. Craig bit him and took a hunk out of his thumb and the man said, 'Your baby has strong teeth. He just bit me.'" Craig recovered from the convulsions brought on by a fever, but it was several days before Mrs. Chasnov found out who the good samaritan was. An aide casually telephoned from New York's City Hall to say that Mayor **John Lindsay** was interested in knowing how the lad was getting along.

Harpo and Chico have passed away, and Gummo stayed home in California. But the whole wonderful family was there on film as Manhattan's Gallery of Modern Art unveiled a three-week retrospective devoted to the **Marx Brothers'** comedies. Groucho, 71, now a distinguished man of letters with the publication this month of his correspondence, still looked very much like Hugo Z. Hackenbush or Wolf J. Flywheel when he dropped by for a night in the theater with his wife Eden, his brother Zeppo,

DAVID GALE



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Antonio y Cleopatra
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66, and Mrs. Zeppo, Barbara Marx. After watching himself lope through *A Day at the Races* and *A Night at the Opera*, Groucho fired up a stogie and remarked: "I didn't realize I was so talented and agile then."

She has always been a complicated mixture of arrogance and defensiveness. Now, Diva **Maria Callas**, 43, and her good friend, Greek Shipping Millionaire Aristotle Onassis, were embroiled in a London lawsuit against Greek Shipowner Panaghis Vergottis over just how many shares each owned in a \$33 million tanker called *Artemision II*. Maria told the court she thought Vergottis was double-dealing her out of a \$168,000 interest in the tub. It was a curious thing for him to do, too, she added characteristically, because "Mr. Vergottis respected me and loved me. There are quite a few people who do that once they know me."

The birds were singing, the trees were budding, and the floriated rhetoric of Senate Minority Leader **Everett McKinley Dirksen**, 71, was in full bloom. "It is as sprightly as the daffodil, as colorful as the rose, as resolute as the zinnia, as delicate as the carnation, as aggressive as the petunia, as ubiquitous as the violet and as stately as the snapdragon," hymned Ev in his Hammond Organ voice. "It beguiles the senses and embodies the spirit of man." With that he continued his perennial crusade by presenting to the Senate his annual resolution asking that the marigold be designated the U.S. national flower.

For a quarter of a century under the command of the late **Henri Soulé**, Manhattan's *Le Pavillon* was the shrine of *haute cuisine* in the U.S. *Helix*, since Restaurateur Soulé's death last year, the eatery has slipped a bit—at least to the palate of the New York Times's fastidious *Gastronome* Craig Claiborne, who dropped in a few times to see how the fare was faring under the new management of sometime Hotelman Claude Philippe. Aside from the prices (\$173.90 for a relatively modest dinner for six) Claiborne sadly reported that "*Le Pavillon* does not exist in all its former grandeur." For one thing, he wrote, "the shrimp were tough, and so was the lobster in the bouillabaisse. The maitre d'hôtel walked around with a red pencil sticking out of his breast pocket." And, *invariantement*: "On a recent evening, the rolls were stale."

When she died in 1960 at the age of 72, Tobacco Heiress **Mary Duke Biddle** left an estate of \$60.6 million to be divided between her family and various charities. Last week in New York's Westchester County Surrogate Court, her lawyers filed papers stating that the fortune has now dwindled by 58%, with \$34.6 million going to pay off inheritance taxes, and \$1,100,000 for legal and executor fees.



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let's hope you didn't forget to enjoy it.**

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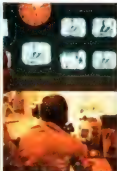
And the remarkable thing is that anyone who can drive a car can learn to fly. (Your first lesson is just \$5.00—an offer that's being made by many dealers across the country.)

Where do we come in? Avco Lycoming engines power about 50,000 of the more than 100,000 registered private aircraft in America. You'll find our power plants in Piper, Beech, Aero Commander, Mooney and 68 other makes of private planes around the world.

And this is just the beginning: private flying is taking off like a big-winged bird. More power to it. Ours, of course.



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We're in lots of growing markets all over the world. And we intend to be in lots more.

Rockwell-Standard has a long way to go.

SCIENCE

SPACE

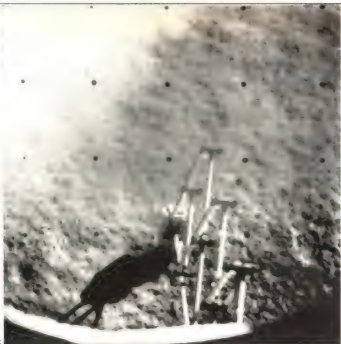
A Dig at the Moon

As the sun rose ever so slowly over the lunar Ocean of Storms, the spidery, three-legged newcomer hesitantly extended and flexed its aluminum, accordion-like arm. Then, reassured that the numbing cold of its flight through space had done no harm, it reached down and pressed its steel-tipped claw into the moon's surface, leaving a small dent. Opening its claw, it deliberately gouged a small trench near its feet, curiously watching each movement to determine the nature of the lunar soil. Thus last week Surveyor 3 became the second U.S. spacecraft to achieve a successful lunar soft landing. "We've not only placed man's eyes on the moon in the form of a TV camera," said Project Manager Benjamin Milwitzky, "but now we've also put his arms and hands there."

By measuring the current drawn by the electric motors that power Surveyor's arm, scientists will be able to determine the strength and compressibility of the moon's surface. Close-up TV pictures of the soil disturbed by the claw will provide additional information about its texture and cohesiveness. In last week's preliminary tests, for example, it took a pressure of 4 lbs. per sq. in. to make a dent 1 1/2 in. deep in the lunar surface. And TV pictures demonstrated that there was little or no crumbling of the trench walls, indicating that the soil was quite cohesive, perhaps like wet sand.

Three Bounces. Surveyor's pictures also showed that the spacecraft was resting on a gentle slope inside a saucer-shaped crater about 150 ft. across and 20 ft. deep. Although the camera could not peek above the crater's rim, it revealed that the crater floor was relatively smooth, pockmarked with some smaller craters and littered with pebbles and a few rocks no larger than a foot across. All in all, it appeared that the area, one of the eight selected as possible targets for the Apollo mission, was level and uncluttered enough to allow the Apollo lunar module to make a safe landing.

Although Surveyor's mission was generally proceeding according to plan, analysis of its telemetry indicated that it had bounced three times (the first time 35 ft.) after its initial impact on the moon—lifted by its vernier rockets, which had failed to shut down. The unexpectedly rough landing occurred, scientists believed, when the approach radar that controls the rockets became confused by the difference in elevation between the crater bottom and its rim. But the rugged spacecraft quickly proved that it had not been unduly shaken up. Shortly after it landed, it looked down and coolly photographed a nearby "footprint" made on the last bounce by one of its own footpads.



SURVEYOR 3 CLAWING LUNAR SURFACE
Putting man's arms and hands there.

Putting Heat on Voyager

During preparations for its successful trip to the moon, Surveyor was spared a severe test that future unmanned spacecraft on missions to Mars and Venus will have to endure: dry-heat sterilization to prevent the contamination of other planets by earthly microorganisms. The terrestrial bugs can do little harm on the lifeless moon, but experts agree that their premature arrival on other planets could obliterate or alter possible native life forms before they could be studied. There is a growing feeling, nonetheless, that the U.S. may have accepted international sterilization standards that are unnecessarily high.

The high criteria require that there be less than one chance in 10,000 that a single living microorganism be aboard an unmanned spacecraft designed to land on a planet. To comply, the U.S. plans to seal its Mars-bound Voyager landing capsule in a canister and bake it for as long as 53 hours at a temperature of 257°F.—enough heat exposure to kill even the organisms within the solid metal structures of the spacecraft. Aware that sterilization of some early Ranger moonships damaged spacecraft systems and led to the failure of missions, scientists are spending time and money to design new Voyager systems that will withstand prolonged heating.

Russian Bugs. Not worth it, says a study group led by Biologist Norman Horowitz of the California Institute of Technology. In a report in *Science*, the scientists argue that Mars has too little oxygen or water and too much ultraviolet radiation to support the growth of earthly organisms, and that Venus apparently has surface temperatures high enough to kill any earthly bugs. In any event, the report says, there is little chance that organisms entrapped within

solid structures in the spacecraft could work their way free. Thus it is important only to kill microorganisms on the exposed surfaces of the spacecraft either by brief heating or by poison gas, neither of which would be harmful to conventional spacecraft systems.

In the same issue of *Science*, a group headed by Caltech Geologist Bruce Murray contends that the Russians may well have already contaminated both Venus and Mars. In 1965, there was a failure aboard Russia's Venus 3, which was to parachute a sterilized instrument capsule to the surface of Venus. As a result, they believe, both the capsule and the unsterilized spacecraft hit the Venusian surface. A similar mishap that same year may have caused the unsterilized Russian probe called Zond 2 to impact on the surface of Mars.

Problems arising from the design of heat-resistant spacecraft systems have already contributed to the postponement from 1969 to 1971 of a U.S. mission to eject a sterilized Martian landing capsule from a flyby vehicle. They have also forced cutbacks on equipment to be carried aboard the Voyager capsule scheduled to land on Mars in 1973. And they have certainly increased the possibility that heat-weakened Voyager components may fail in flight.

GENETICS

Turned-Off Genes

Despite the great variety of cells present in any living organism, each one contains the same number and kinds of genes, the heredity-bearing components that determine the nature of the cell. But since the genes are identical in all the cells, why do some of the cells form hair, while others go to make up heart, liver, brain and so forth?

A possible answer was provided in

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NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE - MILWAUKEE 

1961, when French Biologists François Jacob and Jacques Monod hypothesized that only a few genes in any cell were active in controlling the production of enzymes that gave the cell its characteristics. The remaining genes, they proposed, were deactivated—turned off by mysterious repressor substances produced by other genes. Thus, the genes that are active in a hair cell may be turned off in a liver cell, where a different combination of genes is active.

Lactose Tracer. Although the brilliant concept of Jacob and Monod had become generally accepted by 1965, when it helped to win for them the Nobel Prize in Medicine, no one had ever been able to provide direct laboratory proof that their concept was correct. Now the evidence has begun to come in. Harvard University scientists have succeeded in isolating and analyzing two of the hitherto theoretical substances that repress gene activity.

To isolate the repressor, Biophysicist Walter Gilbert and Biochemist Benno Müller-Hill decided to work with a species of simple bacteria called *Escherichia coli*, which have a healthy appetite for lactose, a sugar found in milk. The scientists knew that when lactose was available, the bacteria cells produced an enzyme that broke the sugar down into two simpler sugars that the cells could use. When only other nutrients were present, however, the amount of this enzyme was drastically reduced: a repressor apparently turned off the gene that controlled its production.

The Harvard scientists devised their experiment on the premise that the lactose must have prevented the repressor from turning off the appropriate gene—probably because it was attracted by the repressor and combined with it chemically. With a sophisticated technique, they allowed radioactive lactose-like molecules that served as tracers to be attracted by a concentrate of bacteria cell material. Isolating and analyzing the substance that had combined with the tracer molecules, they discovered that it was a large protein molecule—their long-sought "lactose repressor."

Bursting Bacteria. In an equally complex experiment with the same type of bacteria cells, Harvard Molecular Biologist Mark Ptashne discovered a second repressor—a smaller protein molecule that prevents the bacteria from bursting when they are attacked by viruses. Ptashne's experiment also indicated that the repressor turned off the appropriate cell genes by binding itself tightly to them, somehow preventing the production of an enzyme in the process.

The two discoveries, says Biophysicist Gilbert, confirm that cells of *E. coli* are controlled by gene-repressing agents and effectively demonstrate how simple cell mechanisms work. They may bring closer the day when scientists will be capable of genetic control of human beings, determining their characteristics and correcting metabolic defects by turning the proper genes on and off.

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MUSIC

VIOLINISTS

The Truth Seeker

Among today's rich blend of young violin virtuosos, it would take a mouthful as well as an earful to match the likes of Itzhak Perlman, 21, Young Uek Kim, 19, and Pinchas Zukerman, 18. Their close friend and former classmate scores high on all counts. His name is James Oliver Buswell IV.

Last week James IV, 20, made his Manhattan recital debut in a series im-



BUSWELL AT PHILHARMONIC HALL
And a whiz of wonk as well.

posedly titled "Great Performers at Philharmonic Hall." If Buswell is not quite ready for that adjective, his musicianship shows that he may soon be within reach of it. He is a devotee of the dip-and-sway school of playing, but he has temperament and spunk, a luminous tone and a controlled technique. Out of a contrasting assortment of half a dozen pieces, he delivered a fine, full-blooded performance of Bach's *Sonata No. 4*, blazed easily through the trickiest passages of Prokofiev's *Sonata in D Major*, and captured the dark warmth of Brahms's deceptively difficult *Sonata in A Major*.

Bended Knee. That examination over, Buswell packed his 1720 Strad and dashed back to Cambridge, Mass., to study for exams at Harvard, where he is a sophomore carrying a full load of classes. Though his 50-city concert tour this season means that he will miss 40% of his classes, he bines up on lectures taped for him by an admiring Radcliffe coed. "I take my books on tour," he says. "But it's like a child sucking his thumb. They comfort me, make me feel virtuous. But I'm always distastefully behind." Nevertheless, he caught up well enough during the first term to make the dean's list.

A tall, fair, baby-faced lad whose pronouncements sometimes lean toward the studied and pompous, Buswell entered Harvard because he believes that it is the duty of the performer to "seek an expression peculiar to his generation, and college is one way of discovering what my generation is all about." As a result, while most young musicians today approach the classics on bended knee, vowing technically precise, note-for-note fidelity, Buswell views his role as that of a "performer in the creative sense, equally creative as the composer."

Frantic Balance. This winning confidence belies the illustrious Buswell lineage. James I was president of Wheaton College in Illinois; James II was a Presbyterian missionary; James III is a professor of anthropology at St. Louis University. When Young James's parents moved from Wheaton to New York, he studied with Ivan Galamian—America's foremost violin teacher—whose students included his "competition" and "closest colleagues," Itzhak, Pinchas and Young Uek.

Heady now with the freedom of being away from family and on his own ("The silver cord has just now been replaced by the telephone wire"), Buswell likes the "frantic balance" that college has imposed on his life. "Harvard," he says, "is the kind of place where you feel guilty every time you play ping-pong. It is hectic, but when things get tight, he is renowned in the dorm for his ability to 'wonk' (knew spelled backward), or cram, for exams. Last week, preparing for back-to-back concerts in Hackensack, N.J., and Akron, James Oliver Buswell IV sighed sagely: "It will be refreshing to get back and be just another one of the students searching for truth."

ROCK 'N' ROLL

The Boddies

In Zurich, 12,000 rock 'n' roll fans riot and began tearing apart the seats in the local stadium until police piled in with clubs. In Warsaw, 8,000 teenagers crashed through police barriers and stormed the iron gates of the Palace of Culture. In the resulting barrage of bottles and bricks, police sprayed the mob with tear gas, called in steel-helmeted reinforcements with machine guns, dogs, and two armored cars mounted with water cannons.

Wherever they went during their three-week tour of Europe, the Rolling Stones ignited havoc and hysteria. Now that the Beatles have retired from the road, the Stones have become the big squeal on the international pop-music circuit. They have a unique appeal. Like

most British rock 'n' roll groups, they began by imitating such hard-rocking blues merchants as Chuck Berry and Muddy Waters (whose *Rolling Stones Blues* inspired their name); the result was a musically rough-hewn sound sung in mock Negro dialect. In 1964, the Stones decided that if the Beatles were the goodies, they would be the baddies. They scowled, talked surly, and sang such suggestive leeries as:

Well, I'm a king bee, buzzing 'round your hive...

Yeah, I can make honey, baby, let me come inside.

Rebel Image. A paternity suit here, a fine for urinating on a building there, and pretty soon the London papers were asking "Would you want your daughter to marry a Rolling Stone?" With each blast of adverse publicity, their recordings edged higher on the pop charts, until the boys suddenly found themselves the champions of the teeny-bopper revolt against adult authority.

Perversity pays. The Stones have sold 40 million recordings and currently have three albums on the U.S. bestseller charts. Though they deny that they consciously play up their rebel image, they bill themselves as "five reflections of today's children," write songs about "trying to make some girl," with supposedly coded allusions to menstruation, marijuana and birth-control pills. For their appearance on the *Ed Sullivan Show* in January, they reluctantly altered the words of their recent hit, *Let's Spend the Night Together*.

Says the Stones' recording manager, Andrew Oldham, 23: "Pop music is sex and you have to hit them in the face with it." That pleasant chore falls to Mick Jagger, 23, the Stones' heavy-lipped lead shouter, who in performance bums, grinds and jiggles his pelvis like a spastic marionette. Jagger also has a summons to appear in a Sussex court next month on a charge of possessing drugs.



MICK JAGGER IN ATHENS
Reflections in stone.

Buswell, as well as his thoughts on his generation, were reflected in *TIME*'s Man-of-the-Year cover (Jan. 6).

making it beautiful wasn't enough

Styling never stopped an instrument panel from vibrating. But Chevrolet's way of molding parts in one piece does. Styling never kept a car from being eaten alive by rust. But Chevrolet's four steel inner fenders, self-cleaning rocker panels and many

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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

Courting the Negro

Long before acceptance or rejection notices from prestige universities arrived at the homes of anxious applicants last week, it was clear that the most favored youths in the U.S. today are bright Negroes with good high school grades. "Admissions people used to talk about what the average College Board score of their entering class was," notes Amherst Admissions Director Eugene Wilson. "Then it was how many Merit Scholars you got. Now the status symbol is how many Negroes you get." Although the hot pursuit is dismissed by some of the quarry as a cynical and faddish courting of color, most of those chosen are vastly pleased.

Just five years ago, Yale had only about ten Negroes in its incoming class; this year it has accepted over 40. Columbia had only 16 Negro freshmen two years ago; this year it has accepted 56. Chicago, with a mere ten Negro freshmen two years ago, has accepted 75. Harvard, which never makes an official count of its students by race, nevertheless seems certain to add sharply to the 160 unofficially estimated to be on the campus now. The competition for the academically talented Negro, contends Stanford Psychologist Bernadene V. Allen, is "just as intense as it is for football players."

Early Doubts. "It's like a dream come true—it's almost unbelievable," says George Winston Lane, a senior at Chicago's virtually all-Negro Parker High School, who got letters of inquiry, many including application forms, from nearly 300 colleges. Modest and soft-spoken, George ranks fourth out of the 407 students in his class, is class president and a varsity wrestler. He considered bids from Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Brown and U.C.L.A.; he applied to Chicago, Northwestern, Loyola and Princeton. Accepted by all but Princeton, he chose Chicago because he plans to become a doctor and has a high opinion of its medical school. His two scholarships, a National Merit Scholarship and an Illinois State Scholarship, will pay him a total of \$2,500 a year. George credits much of his success to Parker Teacher Frank Ragland, who set up a non-credit "special activities" class for 30 students, drilled them on math and vocabulary. "He worked us to death," recalls George. "He also told us how things were opening up for Negro students in universities. We doubted him at first—but everything turned out to be true."

After Terry Hayes racked up the highest academic rating (3.93) in 30 years at Los Angeles all-Negro Jordan High, Ivy League representatives rushed to his home, just three blocks from where the Watts riots began. Son of a

pharmacist (both his parents have college degrees), Terry was president of his class, chief justice of the student court and a political science major. He is working for college money as a computer technologist at North American Aviation's Autometrics Division, and has been awarded full scholarships by both Harvard and Stanford. He hopes to become a diplomat, is torn between the two schools, but leans toward Harvard. An introspective boy who has never attended an integrated school, he worries about the competition he will face. "Up to now," Terry concedes, "I haven't really been challenged."

When a top Negro student happens to be a crack athlete, too, all of academic

them, Cecilia McDaniel, an A student in Winston-Salem, N.C., sees her sudden popularity as a form of "reverse racism—an effort of schools to purge themselves of a longtime discrimination against Negroes." She was offered scholarships by Northwestern, Chicago and N.Y.U., probably will choose N.Y.U. because she is interested in drama, figures N.Y.U.'s Broadway-influenced drama department is "more practical" than Northwestern's. Judy Johnson, a bright, outspoken Richmond, Calif., girl, has been accepted by Stanford. She is deeply concerned with civil rights activities and has highly independent opinions (the Rev. Martin Luther King is "too religious" and Stokely Carmichael is "self-defeating"). Judy is disappointed that the colleges are apparently more interested in her color than



McDANIEL



HAYES & PARENTS



DOVER

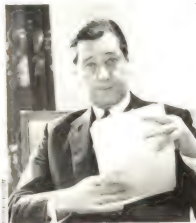
A competition as intense as for football players.

heckons, Dale Dover, son of a New York City cab driver, was a basketball star at Evander Childs High School in The Bronx and compiled an 89.4 grade average. He was eagerly pursued by Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Brown, N.Y.U., Penn, Rochester and Oklahoma, visited most of those campuses, and still has unused airline tickets around the house. He applied to six schools, was accepted by all, has narrowed the final choice to either Harvard or Columbia. Dale took so many courses that he entered his senior year just one credit short of graduation and could have loafed. He didn't. "I like to catch the kids who are ahead of me," he says. He already has his lifetime vocational goals outlined. Successively, he hopes to be a professional basketball player, journalist, dancer, politician and actor. His intention, he says, is "to be a complete man."

Instant Negritude. Among the chosen Negroes who are not entirely uncritical of the fact that colleges now covet

her talent. She complains: "It's defeating to find out that after all your years of striving and attempting to excel in school, that it comes down to the issue of your race again—and the de-emphasis of the individual."

Some of the officials engaged in the pursuit of Negro scholars also have their doubts about how these students are chosen. "A great many colleges want to achieve instant Negritude," contends Benjamin McKendall, an assistant director of the College Entrance Examination Board. What they are really competing for, he argues, are "Negroes who act like white kids." Chicago Admissions Dean Charles D. O'Connell, on the other hand, is convinced that the competition for Negroes is nothing less than a sincere effort by colleges "to improve race relations and society." The colleges also benefit, he argues, since the Negro students "inject a note of reality into higher education. They're impatient with high-sounding but empty idealism; they give as much as they take out."



CROSLAND

SCHOOLS ABROAD

Assault on Privilege

Britain's elite, privately financed "public" schools have long been a recognized channel to top political and social power. Just one of them, Eton College, numbers 19 Prime Ministers among its alumni—none of them from the Labor Party. Which goes a long way toward explaining why Laborites look on such schools as citadels of snobbery, undesirable anachronisms in an age of egalitarianism. Prime Minister Harold Wilson (who attended Mirral Grammar, a state school), in fact, has a commission hard at work on plans that could drastically change the nature of the public schools.

Bastion of Aristocracy. Chief complaint against the public schools is that their admissions are based on wealth and family ties, rather than ability—another way of saying that too much of the nation's educational resources is devoted to the benefit of too few. The roughly 300 independent public schools have some of the nation's best schoolmasters and faculty; yet they enroll only 4% of Britain's high-school-level students. No one puts the argument more bluntly than Education Minister Anthony Crosland (a graduate of a little-known public school, Highgate). These schools, he says, are "a major cause of social inequality. It is no accident that Britain, the only country in the world with this stratum of private and privileged education, is the most class-conscious, snobbish and stratified country in the world."

The nature of the public schools varies widely. Wellington, for example, is known for turning out top army officers; Gresham's accents science; St. Albans, which claims to have been founded in 948, has shifted its emphasis from classics to mathematics. Yet any discussion by the commission—or the public—naturally focuses first on symbolic Eton, the largest (1,200 students) and one of the socially most selective of them all.

A five-centuries-old bastion of aristocracy hard by the walls of Windsor Castle, Eton admits as much as 75% of its students from among the sons of Old Etonians, many registered at birth. More than one-third of its current boys' parents are listed in Debrett's; two-thirds of Britain's current dukes, marquesses and earls, as well as one-fifth of its 245 Conservative M.P.s (but only three Labor M.P.s) and many of its top civil servants, attended Eton. Resistant to change, Etonians still wear striped trousers, black tailcoats and white ties—a stuffy outfit their predecessors first donned in the 19th century. Even some of its own students concede that the net impact of Eton is to "perpetuate social isolation and class prejudice."

Eton's enlightened headmaster, Anthony Chenevix-Trench, is sympathetic—up to a point—with the need to broaden the public school's selection practices to accept "all boys who are fit-

ted, intellectually and temperamentally." It should be as easy, he says, "for a soldier's son to enter as it is now for a brigadier's son." Yet he also fears, and will presumably fight, any government move which, "on a doctrinaire point of social policy, uproots the individual excellences of these schools."

No one denies that the public schools provide topflight academic instruction. At Eton, for example, there is one teacher for every ten boys; classes range in size from five to 29, and tutors seek out each boy almost daily. Most of the 1,200 students live in 25 houses scattered through the school-dominated town of Eton (pop. 4,505, including students), and each house has a stern but solicitous master, who advises each boy on his problems, personal and academic.

The curriculum at most public schools is heavily classical, although most no longer require Greek. Etonians, who can stay for six years (aged 13 through 19), must take Latin, the history and teachings of the Christian religion, and French in their first two years, as well as English, math and science. They have a broad choice in their upper-class years, can specialize in any of four departments: classics, math, science or modern arts (which includes modern language, economics, geography and history). This collection of courses has been criticized as irrelevant in an age of shifting values and onrushing science, but its goal, argues Master Peter Pilkington, is to "train people to be perceptive, sensitive, aware, conscious of personality and individual values."

From Every Class? Although some critics are calling for the public schools to be merged with the system of state-supported schools, the possibility is remote at best. It amounts to nationalization and would require an unlikely act of Parliament. But the public schools are already bowing to public pressure. Next fall, for example, Eton and Winchester will drop their requirement that an entering student must know some Latin. Seemingly a trifle, this change will knock out the need for most boys to attend expensive private primary schools to get their Latin, and will vastly expand the number of eligible boys.

When the Public Schools Commission reports in December, it will probably demand that the public schools admit students of every social class, perhaps on the basis of a common entrance examination. This will require government scholarships to carry the cost (at Eton, more than \$1,600 a year, including board). Even more shattering is the possibility that the commission may carry egalitarianism to the point of insisting that girls deserve admission too. Eton's Chenevix-Trench does not mind the idea of having girls mix socially with boys, but he fears that they would outperform and thus discourage the boys in the classroom. Says he: "I am all for girls coming into the boarding school life of the boys but not into the boarding schools."



ETONIANS ON CAMPUS



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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Time for a Change

Hardly had the pontifical commission on birth control submitted its findings to Pope Paul VI last year when word was passed that most of the commission's members had recommended abolishing the Roman Catholic Church's ban on contraception. Most people took it for granted that the news leak was an effort to pressure the Pope into siding with the majority—and soon. But the pressure seems to have had no noticeable effect: Paul has still to announce his long-awaited decision. Last week, in what was viewed as another evident attempt to hasten a liberal papal ruling, the National Catholic Reporter, an independent weekly published in Kansas City, printed the hitherto secret text of the commission's report.

The majority of the 76-member body of lay and clerical experts had indeed agreed that it was time for a change. And the liberals wisely based their argument, for the most part, not on the impersonal and narrow ground of population control, but on the contention that contraception can contribute to a happier married life. "If they are to observe and cultivate all the essential values of marriage," said the majority report, "married people need decent and human means for the regulation of conception. They should be able to expect the collaboration of all, especially from men of learning and science."

In rebuttal a minority of commission members (estimated to number around 15) insisted, quoting Pope Pius XI: "No reason, however grave, may be put forward by which anything intrinsically against nature may become conformable to nature and morally good." Carried to its logical conclusion, say some critics, such a doctrine might even support Jehovah's Witnesses who refuse to receive blood transfusions. Aware of that problem, the minority took pains to point out that it was not condemning the application of technology and science to other natural processes—only to any interference with procreation.

Whether the news leak would move the Pope to action was doubtful. In Rome, Vatican officials announced that Pope Paul still had no intention of being hurried into making a ruling. In fact, said one prominent Vatican priest, the latest leak might well turn out to be *contreproductive* (counterproductive): it might encourage Paul to ponder the issue even longer.

Time for Boy Scouts?

The pontifical commission was not alone in its sharp split over the official Catholic stand on contraception. Students and faculty at Washington's Catholic University of America walked out last week to protest the firing of a popular professor, and once more, not only birth control, but an article in the Na-

tional Catholic Reporter was involved.

Center of the uproar was a liberal theology professor, Father Charles E. Curran, 33. In an interview published by the N.C.R. last September, Curran was depicted as forecasting that Catholicism's dictation of moral doctrine is doomed, that it will eventually be replaced by a form of ethics based largely on "the experience of Christian people." Confuting that current doctrine too often accentuates the negative, the young priest was quoted as saying: "Even the Boy Scout oath sounds more positive than the Ten Commandments." In a subsequent book, *Christian Morality Today*, he flatly insisted that "I have added my own 'Amen' to those who are asking for a change in the present teaching of the Church" on birth control.

Though he later termed the N.C.R. article "somewhat inaccurate," Curran's



CURRAN SPEAKING TO STRIKERS
No doubt despite the decorum.

views were not taken lightly by Catholic University's board of trustees, which is composed of all five U.S. cardinals, 22 archbishops, six other bishops, eleven laymen, and is chaired by New York's Francis Cardinal Spellman. Last week Curran was advised by C.U.'s rector, Bishop William J. McDonald, that the board had voted to fire him—whereupon virtually the entire 7,200-member faculty and student body walked out on strike. They would not return to classes, they said, until Curran was reinstated. Massing outside the rector's stone residence, priests and nuns stood alongside black-cassocked seminarians and hoisted placards quoting from Scripture—UNLESS YOUR JUSTICE EXCEEDS THAT OF THE SCRIBES AND PHARISES, YOU SHALL NOT ENTER THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. MATT. 5:20.

Decorous though the demonstration was, the protestors left no doubt about their anger over what they saw as the suppression of freedom. Declared the Very Rev. Walter J. Schmitz, dean of the School of Sacred Theology: "No charges have been brought against Father Curran and no reasons have been

given for this action. The academic freedom of every professor of this university is jeopardized." Said Curran in a nationally televised speech to the strikers: "The issues involved in this dismissal are greater than any one man. Catholic professional theologians need the opportunity to pursue their science with responsible freedom."

At week's end, Curran's supporters had solicited and received backing from Catholic theologians and seminarians across the U.S. As the pressure intensified, Baltimore's Lawrence Cardinal Shehan, a member of C.U.'s board, declared that Curran should be "restored to his former status." Atlanta's Archbishop Paul J. Hallinan, another board member, let it be known that he had opposed Curran's ouster. Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing announced that he would not condemn Curran. "He must teach all sides. It makes no sense to appoint people to a university board who know absolutely nothing about running a university."

All of which left the trustees a difficult dilemma as they pondered how to get their school reopened in time for commencement. If they remained adamant, there was no telling how long the walkout would last. If they compromised and reinstated Curran, they might seem to be tacitly approving even greater criticism of the church.

JUDAISM

Battle of the Bodies

Cities all over Israel last week looked like the setting for a horror movie. In B'nai Brak, near Tel Aviv, 20,000 demonstrators in somber black coats and black hats paraded with banners proclaiming: "Don't cut us up." Posters inside synagogues in Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and Haifa explained how to prevent hospital attendants from spiriting away the dead: "Stay beside the body every moment." Splashed in white paint across the road near Jerusalem's Hadassah Medical Center was the warning: "Barbaric autopsies must stop."

In a country that has made much of the benefits of contemporary science, the familiar practice of performing an autopsy to aid post-mortem investigation seemed an odd cause for crisis. Yet in one of the bitterest religious controversies in years, bearded Hebrew scholars argued over the application of ancient laws to modern medicine.

Down from the Tree. Most Orthodox Jews consider autopsies generally barred by a passage in the Torah, *Deuteronomy* 21:22-23, in which Moses says: "And if a man has committed a crime punishable by death, and he is put to death, and you hang him on a tree, his body shall not remain all night upon the tree, but you shall bury him the same day." In other words, even criminals were to be spared the possibility of mutilation by wild animals after their execution. Orthodox extremists interpret that injunction as meaning that any human must be given prompt burial before



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PROTESTING AUTOPSIES IN B'NAI BRAK
Between doctrine and life.

his body can come to harm, except when an autopsy can help save the life of a person in the immediate area.

Liberal interpreters insist that autopsies can save lives by contributing to medical knowledge. In 1953 Israel's Parliament passed a law authorizing an autopsy when three doctors certify that it is necessary to determine the exact cause of death or for the treatment of another person. Orthodox extremists, who opposed the law in the first place, have been enraged, along with many other Jews, by charges that doctors are conducting widespread post-mortems for pathological research.

In Rehovot last spring, relatives of a farmer whose body had been examined by autopsy ran amuck in a hospital, injuring 20 persons including physicians and nurses. Last October, Israel's two chief rabbis, joined by 356 other religious leaders, called for repeal of the 1953 law. Ever since, the Orthodox dissenters, led by the ultra-rightist Agudath Israel Party, have stepped up a grisly campaign against post-mortems. Fortnight ago, they accused a Tel Aviv hospital of stealing the heart of a rabbi's wife after she died.

"It's a Scandal." By last week the uproar had boiled into a potential threat to Premier Levi Eshkol's coalition government. As the result of an Orthodox campaign abroad, Eshkol has been inundated with protests from Jews in 21 countries. At home, police guarded the domiciles of some pathologists who had received threats, and scores of sick were refusing to enter hospitals for fear of dissection if they died.

Whatever its outcome, the controversy highlights the classic struggle between religious doctrine and modern humanitarianism. Once again the modern nation of Israel, which is, after all, a secular state, was being pushed into chaos by what amounted to an extremist religious minority.

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MEDICINE

PEDIATRICS

Hearing Help

The telltale rash of German measles (rubella) can come and go unseen during a night's sleep. In fact, the disease is generally so mild that a nationwide epidemic of it three years ago caused no panic. An estimated 30,000 pregnant women were among those infected, however, and rubella can wreak tragic damage in unborn children. For one of every two rubella babies, that damage includes at least a partial loss of hearing. "The deafness we are seeing now—the aftermath of the epidemic—is more severe than anyone anticipated," says Dr. Fred Lanthum Jr. of the children's division of the Los Angeles Otolological Medical Group. "We are encountering greater and more severe losses than doctors have ever seen before."

No one is sure exactly how the rubella does its disabling work, but one result is the stunted growth of thousands of microscopic hair cells on the acoustic nerve in the recesses of the inner ear (see diagram). Doctors recently proved, by passing a wire under the hair cells and stimulating the nerve, that there is no nerve damage. But Dr. Edgar Lowell of the John Tracy Clinic points out that "we still haven't cracked the neural code that transmits messages from the hair cells to the hearing nerve below." The ear conceals other mysteries as well, and there is no surgical or other cure for rubella deafness at the moment. As far as doctors can tell, the child's hearing loss will get no worse—or better—throughout his life.

Early Aid. But if cure is not possible, adjustment to partial hearing is—and "early diagnosis is crucial," says Johns

Hopkins' Dr. John Bordley. Sadly, rubella makes that difficult. The disease can also cause mental retardation and slight brain damage. In a child's first year or two, the symptoms of both ailments are similar to those of deafness: the child fails to associate sounds with their sources and respond directly to external stimuli. He will also not learn to talk on schedule. But simple tests by doctors can usually discover whether the cause of such symptoms is deafness, and there is now a new tool for more difficult diagnoses, a computerized electroencephalogram. Electrodes are taped to the infant's head to measure brain-wave responses to sounds. The responses are averaged by the computer, and the results are compared with those of a normal child.

Once the case is diagnosed, the treatment is liable to be distressingly traditional and only mildly effective. As Dr. Harold F. Schuknecht of the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary puts it: "You hang a hearing aid on 'em, give them lip reading and special training."

Often, special training means being packed off to a school for the deaf where the child is forced into awareness that he is "different" and less than normal. Also, the hearing aid is frequently not put on until the age of two, when the child has already begun to accommodate himself to a special closed world.

Such a world is not necessary, argues Dr. Ciwa Griffiths, founder-director of Los Angeles' H-AR Foundation. Not a medical doctor, she got her degree in education, and has worked with the deaf for decades. Dr. Griffiths recommends hearing aids for children as early as possible, even at 30 days old. Even for rubella babies, the results can be encouraging. Dull infants often become alert and animated when fitted with

aids. Many—though by no means all—learn to speak almost normally and are able to attend regular schools. It is a technique much used in Europe.

For the child whose deafness is not caused by rubella or inherited deficiencies, Dr. Griffiths reports an even more startling success. Three-fourths of the infants who are fitted with hearing aids before the age of nine months, she reports, achieve unaided hearing by the age of one. A number of medical people dispute her findings, argue that the children may not have been accurately diagnosed as deaf in the first place. But Dr. Griffiths counters that the diagnoses were not done by her, but by outside doctors. She has no knowledge of how the improvement is accomplished. Perhaps the hearing aid in this early period stimulates the immature hearing mechanism and encourages functional development of the neural pathways, instead of allowing a mute acceptance of the deficiency.

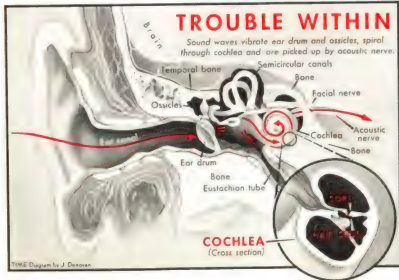
ARTIFICIAL ORGANS

Corneas from Calf Skin

Though few people outside medicine and biology know the word, collagen is one of the most important constituents of the human body, making up 30% of its protein. In bone and tooth enamel, its long chains of molecules serve the same purpose as that of steel reinforcing rods in concrete. In mobile tissues such as tendons, arteries and heart valves, they are like flexible steel wires. And despite the unfamiliarity of its name, collagen from the Greek *kolla*, or glue, and pronounced *col-uh-jen* has been popular in the humblest homes for centuries. When the hides and bones of animals are boiled down, they yield that denatured but widely used form of collagen, gelatin.

In theory, so versatile a natural body component should be ideal for replacing corneas, blood vessels, valves, and per-

FRANCIS & TAYLOR



TIME Diagram by J. Denovan



INFANT BEING TESTED AT JOHNS HOPKINS
Encouragement, even for rubella babies.

DOCTOR OF TOMORROW



Breath of life

Eyes intent on the moving pen, this medical student sees a spirometer trace its delicate diagnostic pattern. He and his classmates have studied the instrument, breathing into it as it recorded their normal young respiration. But now he watches it measure the very breath of life in a victim of pulmonary disease.

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haps even whole organs. But practical considerations have long frustrated theory. In humans, animal collagen almost certainly would trigger inflammatory reactions and rejection mechanisms. Now, through the unlikely partnership of a Japanese shoe-leather company, which was making sausage casings on the side, and the Rogosin Laboratories of the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, it looks as though animal collagen may yet become the ideal material for many medical uses.

Cut the Tails. X-ray studies reveal natural collagen as three strands of molecules twisted together like rope. The strands are short, and many have to be joined end to end to make up the body's long collagen fibers. Dr. Tomio Nishihara, a physical chemist who heads research for the Japan Leather Co., and Dr. Francis O. Schmitt of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, thought there must be something on the ends of the basic molecules that enabled them to couple. Dr. Albert I. Rubin and an M.I.T. team set about testing the theory. They found that each collagen strand has a tail or tails consisting of smaller protein molecules that determine the linkages. Cut off the tails, and what remains is short strands of collagen that can be recombined in almost any desired "weave," shape or thickness, and with varying degrees of softness or hardness. More important, when the tails are cut off, the collagen molecules lose most of their power to set off allergic reactions.

For its reconstituted collagen, the Japan Leather Co. uses odds and ends of calf skin left over when the hides have been cut for making shoes. After weeks of soaking and washing hide in various chemicals, including enzymes, to remove the linkage tails, Dr. Nishihara pours collagen into thin sheets resembling cellophane. The resulting membrane makes fine, easily digestible sausage casing. It also gave the Rogosin Labs' Dr. Rubin and Dr. Kurt Stenzel an idea for its first medical application—use in the artificial kidney, which has a filter membrane of sausage-casing cellophane. In laboratory glassware the collagen membrane has already done a better filtering job than cellophane; specially prepared collagen sheets will now be tested in artificial kidneys for animals in the laboratory.

More ideas for using collagen have appeared. Unlike ordinary plastics, collagen is not watertight. Implanted in the cornea, it allows the eye's lubricants to pass freely. Partial corneas implanted between layers of eye tissue in 25 rabbits six months ago are still clear, uninflamed and unclouded. Dr. Rubin told the American Society for Artificial Internal Organs last week. And ahead lies research into uses of the new collagen as a means of understanding and treating the crippling illnesses loosely called "collagen diseases"—most notably, scleroderma (extreme thickening and stiffening of the skin) and arthritis.

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sion, sophisticated Overhead Cam engine. Our *Firebird 326* is for family-style sporting with a regular-gas V-8. And for funning around (in style) there's our 165-hp regular-gas *Firebird*.

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SPORT

BASEBALL

Cardinals in Spring Plumage

Seeing was the only way to believe what was going on in the National League last week. Who would have figured that the Pittsburgh Pirates and the San Francisco Giants, the two teams most experts figure to fight it out for the pennant, would rank No. 7 and No. 10? That Pittsburgh's Matty Alou, who led the National League in batting last year with a .342 average, would be hitting .217? That San Francisco Pitcher Juan Marichal, winner of 93 games over the past four seasons, would be sporting an 0-3 record and an earned-run average of 6.38? Or that it would rain in Los Angeles?

Not since they left Brooklyn nine years ago had the Los Angeles Dodgers been rained out of a home game. When it finally happened after 737 games last week, it was a stroke of pure luck. Mired in ninth place after losing five out of their first seven games, the Dodgers were thereby spared the unpleasant task of entertaining the St. Louis Cardinals—whose own performance this spring is the biggest surprise of the young season.

"Timely hitting" was the way laconic Manager Red Schoendienst explained his team's 6-1 record and its lofty position atop the National League. The adjective was too mild. In seven games, the Cards had bettered opposing pitchers for 85 hits and 52 runs; the whole team was batting a fantastic .322. Most sensational of St. Louis sluggers was Outfielder Lou Brock, who switched to a heavier bat this spring to cut down on his tendency to overswing, last week ranked No. 2 in the National

League in hitting (at .417). No. 1 in home runs (with six) and No. 1 in RBIs (with 13). "I can hunt 'em," said Brock, "but nobody knows it yet."

No less startling was the comeback staged by Roger Maris. The New York Yankees had given up on Maris after two injury-plagued seasons in which he batted .239 and .233—and Maris had almost given up on himself. Traded to the Cards during the winter, he debated retiring. General Manager Stan Musial, whose own lifetime batting average of .331 qualifies him as a fair judge of hitting talent, finally persuaded Roger to sign (for \$75,000)—and neither has any cause for regret. Against the San Francisco Giants last week, Maris collected two hits and scored the winning run in a 2-1 St. Louis victory. "I feel great," said Roger. "A new place, that's been the biggest difference so far." That was difference enough to make his batting average .400 on the nose.

PRIZEFIGHTING

A Title for Trieste

The boxing world was once aghast to discover that Gene Tunney occasionally read books. So there is no telling how much damage Italy's Giovanni Benvenuti, 29, may do to the image of the sport. Imagine a prizefighter who looks like a Beaufort, reads Voltaire, listens to Chopin, and trains on vintage wine. Actually, "Nino" Benvenuti never got past high school in his native Trieste, and something may be lost in the translation, since he speaks only Italian. But his interpreter at least uses words like "impetus" and "counterproductive," and ascribes to Nino such thoughtful pronouncements as "literature is a teacher



CHAMPION BENVENUTI

Something lost in the translation.

of life, even more than education is," and "no generation can understand the one that preceded it or the one that follows it." One thing, though: Benvenuti can put his fist where somebody else's mouth is. Last week in Manhattan, he outboxed, outslugged and outclassed a heavily favored (at 13-5) Emile Griffith to win the middleweight championship of the world.

Benvenuti had size going for him: at 5 ft. 11 in. and 159 lbs., he was 34 in. taller and 51 lbs. heavier than Griffith. He had solid credentials; an Olympic welterweight champion in 1960, only one loss in 192 amateur and professional bouts. And he also had the crowd. Madison Square Garden was awash with Italian flags and posters pleading D'AGLIEA ALLA PANZZA! (Freely: Paste him in the belly!) But Griffith, 29, was the tough ex-street fighter from the Virgin Islands who had killed Benny Paret in the ring, won the welterweight championship three times before taking the middleweight title from Nigeria's Dick Tiger last year. On the strength of that, he was called by experts "the best boxer, pound for pound, in the world."

Too Many Butts. And maybe the dirtiest. Angered by Benvenuti's preflight predictions of victory, Griffith hit on the break and after the bell, repeatedly rubbed the laces of his gloves in Nino's face, butted open a gash on Nino's nose—and managed one legitimate looping right that knocked him down for a five count. Benvenuti still made good his boast. Ignoring the blood that was streaming from his nose, he decked Griffith with a right uppercut in the second round. Counterpunching beautifully, making full use of his 3-in. advantage in reach, he kept Emile off balance with jabs, scored heavily with combinations and solid left hooks, all the while nimbly evading Griffith's desperate attempts to land a haymaker.

The decision was not even close—two judges scored it 10-5 for Benvenuti, the third had it 9-6—and the grubby sport of boxing had a hopeful new star. Tem-



GIANTS' MARICHAL



CARDINALS' MARIS

Something blue, something new.

Rockwell Report

by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



WE'RE FAST APPROACHING the time when our colleges and universities will send their graduates out into the business world. Or will they? Depending on which survey you read, somewhat more than half of the June graduates this year will *not* enter business.

Graduate schools attract a lot of them. But no matter what degree they get, many young people today seem to favor government or teaching careers over business. The reason can be found in the phrases they use to express their goals: "want responsibility early in my career" . . . "a chance to use my intellect to solve problems" . . . "to feel I've made a worthwhile commitment," and so on.

Ironically, this is exactly what business offers. The only problem is that the young people don't think so — and we've got to *prove* it to them, not just tell them.

We must give more scope to new talent; make sure that a questioning, intellectual atmosphere is encouraged in every part of the organization. If there is a rigid corporate mold, it must be made more flexible. And managers responsible for training will have to be sure they are not confusing necessary indoctrination with an over-long soaking in company lore.

Young men and women today want challenge and the opportunity to make an immediate contribution. And business needs that contribution to survive.

Rockwell power tools, particularly the portable, double-insulated "Green Line," are enjoying increased popularity among women for home improvement and decorating projects. Even our heavier Delta stationary tools are known and used by women. We recently learned of a nun in New England who has turned her woodworking hobby into an income producer for her order. Mainstay of her convent basement workshop where she produces wooden figurines is a Rockwell-Delta scroll saw.

Used to be, nobody cared much what gas meters looked like. And they showed it: old-fashioned meters were bulky, unattractive and outfitted with wild arrangements of piping. But it didn't matter, since they were installed in a corner of the basement and ignored. Today, more and more homes are being equipped with outdoor meters, which save money for the gas company reading them and trouble for the housewife who had to let the meter reader in. So we're now building a new line of trim, compact Rockwell gas meters that not only look better but cost less, too. Shows how good design can please everybody.

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., makers of measurement and control devices, instruments, and power tools for 22 basic markets.



Rockwell
MANUFACTURING COMPANY

porarily, anyway. "Even Sandy Koufax got knocked out of the box sometimes," growled Griffith, vowing to win the title back "if I get another shot at him." He will get it on July 13.

HORSE RACING

Derby in the Air

Forget the mint juleps (\$1.50 and keep the glass), the programs, hats and banners. The business to own at Churchill Downs when they run the Kentucky Derby on May 6 is the Oniia board concession. Without one, nobody is going to be able to pick a winner.

Something like 19,000 thoroughbreds are born every year in the U.S., and the odds against any of them even getting to the post in the Derby are at least 1,000 to 1. The way this year's three-year-olds have been knocking each other off, the odds against any of them winning—or even surviving—should be even more attractive.

The original favorite was Mrs. H. C. Phipps's colt Successor, a full brother to the 1965 Derby choice Bold Lad (who finished ninth in an eleven-horse field), a winner of four races and \$441,404 as a two-year-old in 1966. Successor has raced twice this year and lost both times. His successor as the early-book Derby favorite (at 2 to 1) was Edith Bancroft's Damascus, whose name may be steeper than his spirit. At New York's Aqueduct race track two weeks ago, he was beaten by a horse named Dr. Fager—after a surgeon in Boston, and for good reasons. Dr. Fager's right knee is so bad that his trainer does not even plan to enter him at Churchill Downs.

Confusion was compounded last week when Liz Tippet's Racing Room breezed to a five-length victory in the Forerunner Purse at Keeneland in Kentucky—a prep race designed to weed out obvious Derby also-rans and narrow down the field. Of the seven horses in the Forerunner, one was so little thought of that his owner had not bothered to nominate him for the Derby. His name: Racing Room.

Big tune-up race of the week was the \$112,400 Wood Memorial at Aqueduct. This time, there was no Dr. Fager to contend with; Damascus drew off by 6 lengths at the wire, and Jockey Willie Shoemaker was cautiously optimistic: "Right now, this looks to me like the Derby horse."

TRACK & FIELD

Real Pressure

It was "Randy Matson Day" in College Station, Texas, last week, and Texas A. & M.'s best-known student was a little embarrassed by all the fuss. "I haven't felt so much pressure since the Olympics," he said. Whereupon he stepped into the shotput ring and, on his first try, heaved the 16-lb. metal ball 71 ft. 51 in.—breaking his own world record by a fantastic 104 in.

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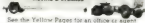
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ART

TECHNIQUES

Luminal Music

Some day all art must come to light.
—Matisse

Along with everything else, art has gone electric. It was bound to come in an age when light bulbs turn winter into spring in the greenhouses, when man's best-hidden viscera are laid bare and shining beneath the surgeon's spotlights, when murders have been witnessed on the television screen, and when the newest mind-expanding drug, in the words of one user, "makes your body feel like a conductor for tens of thousands of volts."

From coast to coast, no major exhibit of contemporary art these days is complete without the zap of neon, the wink of a wiggle bulb, the spiral shadows of a lumina or the ghostly glare of minimal fluorescence. M.I.T.'s Hayden Gallery was jumping last week with the flickering lights of Venice Biennale Prizewinner Julio Le Parc's black-and-white *Pulsating Lights* and other works of artists exploring light as an artistic medium. For the Los Angeles County Museum's forthcoming "American Sculpture of the Sixties" show, electricians were readying Stephen Antonakos' *Orange Vertical Floor Neon*, Chryssa's *Fragments for the Gates to Times Square II* and an untitled work by Dan Flavin. At the heart of the U.S. pavilion at Montreal's Expo 67, technicians were putting into place Robert Rauschenberg's brand-new illuminated watt-chamaacallit.

Moths to a Candle. The new luminal art has suddenly emerged as both international and popular. Some 80 artists from 20 countries were represented at the mammoth and highly successful "Art-Light-Art" show staged at Eindhoven last September by Philips' Lamp of The Netherlands. A record 42,000 visitors showed up when Kansas City's Nel-

son Gallery staged a month-long "Sound Light Silence" show last November. The minuscule Howard Wise Gallery on Manhattan's 57th Street was jammed to its sockets with 20,000 visitors when it displayed 36 artists from nine countries in its "Lights in Orbit" show this February. The same show, with 20 exhibits added, is currently breaking all attendance records at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis.

Critics may rail at the technological supercharge of the "light brigade." Artists wail at the fragility of their new medium (fuses blow, bulbs burn out). But almost any exhibit that lights up in a gallery draws people like moths to a candle, or like children gazing into a burning hearth. In the following color pages, TIME reproduces the work of twelve luminal artists (and one luminal committee), photographed in galleries and studios in the U.S., France, West Germany and Britain.

Lutes to Lumina. For all its science-fiction appeal, the use of light in art is not exactly new: all art depends on light in one way or another. Light rays mold the light and shadows on the surfaces of sculpture, reflect from pigments to give the eye its impression of form and color. But in traditional art, color is constant, not kinetic. And even the purest oil or watercolor pigments inevitably reflect not pure color, but a mixture of colors. The present-day luminist's dream of both movement and purity has had to await the 20th century, with the full development of the incandescent bulb, the fluorescent tube and the movie projector, which has made the sustained use of artificial light possible.

One of the earliest pioneers was a former lute player, Danish-born Thomas Wilfred. In 1921 in New York, he built a kind of visual Wurlitzer, which he called the Clavilux. By moving sliding keys, he activated a battery of projectors

behind a translucent screen. He became so skillful that he was able to create what he called lumina compositions—slowly evolving, shifting, glowing abstract patterns. At the Weimar Bauhaus, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy between 1922 and 1930 devised a polished metal and clear plastic Light Display Machine. But such items remained isolated curiosities. It took the 1950s and 1960s to attract a whole spectrum of artists to the medium.

Modulated Nudes. Today, says one of the new luminal artists, the U.S.'s Preston McClanahan, "light is the language of our time." Greek-born West Germany's Heinz Mack declares: "Physics is the same to me as a tube of oil paint to other painters." Explains M.I.T. Theoretician Gyorgy Kepes, a onetime Moholy-Nagy collaborator: "In everything and everywhere, we are surrounded by the technical factors that produce light, and we are no longer frightened by them."

Added to that is the whole 20th century experience of abstract art, from cubism through abstract expressionism, which has taught many that art need represent neither a thing nor an emotion; luminal art, though radiantly handsome, generally does neither. Pop played a role in making commercial techniques acceptable. Peter Myer, 32, constructed *Transit Orb* out of cellophane designs and polarized plastic filters, which are more commonly used for sunglasses. Manhattan's Earl Reiback, 31, a onetime nuclear engineer, even has fun in taking an object—one of six different nudes—and then modulating the image into total abstraction. To accomplish this, he built his Luminage Projector from two standard Buhl "Carrousel" projectors, altering their machinery so that a full complement of 160 slides would modulate gradually, "sensuously," in one continuous cycle. To achieve his abstract patterns, he painted the slides with transparent chemicals, then aimed a laser beam at some, bombarded



REIBACK



WILFRED



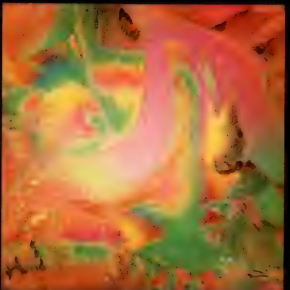
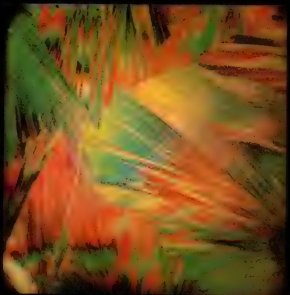
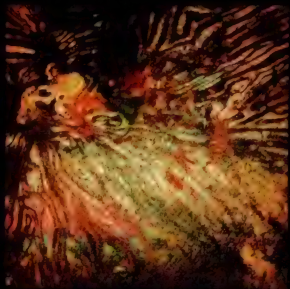
HEALEY



KEPES

All art depends on light in one way or another.

LIGHT IS THE MEDIUM

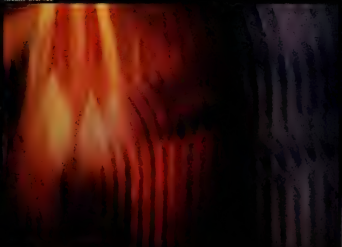


From the days of the caveman, artists have used pigment both to reflect nature and their own emotions. But only in this century have artists successfully treated light itself as a medium, and only in the last decade has the manipulation of light been recognized as an art form. One of the most advanced of the new luminal artists is Nuclear Engineer Earl Reiback, whose *Luminage Projector* melds techniques of painting and optics, rapidly projects images that merge from crystalline abstractions to glimpses of nudes bathed in fractured light.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERASO LEBER AT DONARD WILK GALLERY

Light Pioneer Thomas Wilfred constructed *Clavilux*, a light instrument, in 1921, cast pictures on a screen by playing its console-like keyboard. Among its presentations were *Chalice* (near right), *Abstract* (center), and *Rhythm in Steel* (far right).

THOMAS WILFRED

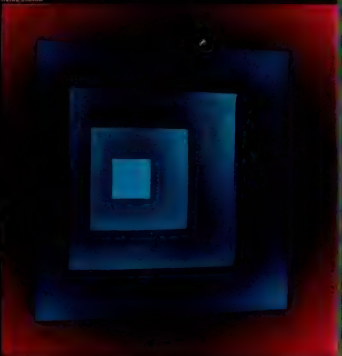


FRANK LORREN AT HOWARD WISS GALLERY

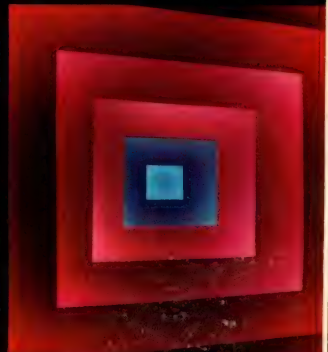
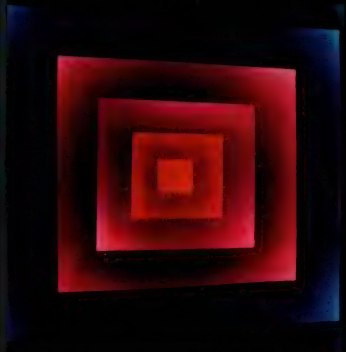
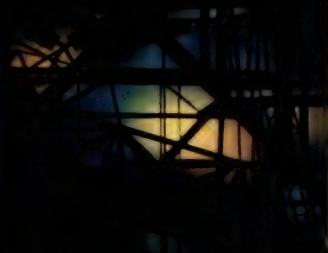
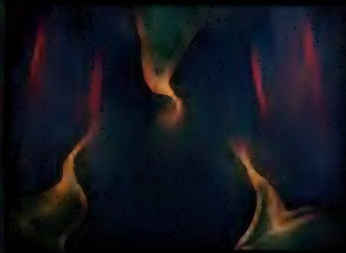


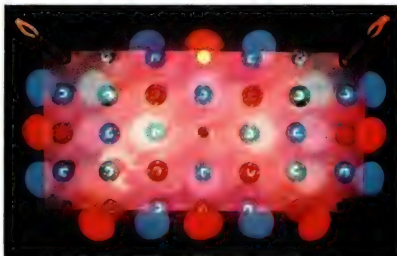
Lenses and mirrors are used to refract colored light by Britain's John Healey in *Box Three*. Result is moving sharp-edge geometric abstractions, used successfully to soothe patients in one London hospital's maternity ward.

HEINZ LINHART



Chromatic Progressions, by Gregorio Vardanega, utilizes five white wooden frames, lit with hidden red, white and blue bulbs that pulse, click and flash in programmed sequence. That lasts three minutes, goes through 100 light variations.





"Color organ" by New York City's Thomas Tadlock lights up variety of light bulbs that blink to music and

can be plugged into hi-fi. At upper left and right are "wobble bulbs"; other bulbs contain tiny flowers.

BY NO. 1000000



Greece's Takis constructs his wryly flashing *Signals* from surplus U.S. military matériel. Pair

shown above (in living room of Beatle John) employ truck fog lights and antique tank aerials.

Psychedelic Kinetic Projector #1 is by Jackie Cassen and Rudi Stern, employs painted slides to simulate cellular and molecular forms visualized in some hallucinations experienced in LSDelirium.



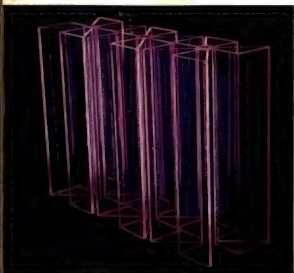
Headache-inducing *Seven Diffraction Hex* is by USCO, a group of artists and engineers based in Garnerville,

N.Y. Brilliant stroboscopic light imprints pattern of whirling hexagons as sequence of images upon the eye's retina.

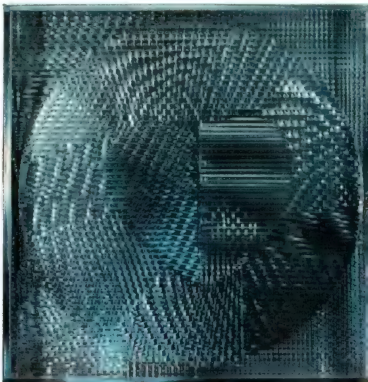


In *Transit Orb*, Nevada's Peter Myer creates spiraling effect with polarized light and four Plexiglas disks. Time exposure shows top pair circling each other, lower pair in pulleylike tension.

Illuminated aluminum disk embossed with a heart rotates behind pelted glass in romantic *Little Heart* by Germany's Heinz Mack.

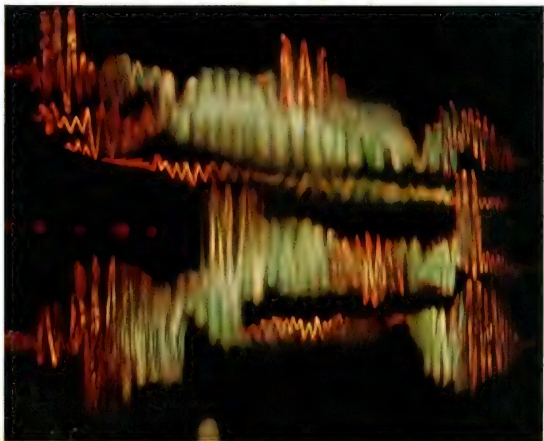


Fluorescent tubes within West Virginia-born Preston McClanahan's Plexiglass construction make *Cloverleaf* glow with changing hues.



Screen images such as *Brain Waves* are produced by Paris-based U.S. Rocketry Scientist Frank Malina.

Moving lights gleam through painted plate onto panel. Title suggests encephalograms and waving seaweed.



others with gamma rays in a reactor to alter their stress patterns. The nudes were photographed in light cast through the slides; their bodies are not painted.

Psychedevotional of Ohm. Op art has conditioned gallerygoers to accept art that visually leaps from the wall to assault the optic jugular. Much luminal art is similarly turned on. The USCO group of Garnerville, N.Y., can induce the hallucinatory traumas that occur in some LSD trips by means of blinding strobe lights—the visual equivalent of the electronic scream at the end of the Beatles' record *Penm Lane*.

Light art is also showing up in the world of discotheques and happenings, wherever the emphasis is on being with it in the here and now. Manhattan's Jackie Cassen, 28, and Rudi Stern, 30, designed the environmental light projections for Timothy Leary's psychedevotional *Death of the Mind*. Thomas Tadlock, 25, is the author of a winking, blinking color organ. It can be hooked up with a hi-fi, responds with a special yellow bulb when it hears the voice of Mick Jagger, looked very much at ohm last summer performing in a Manhattan discotheque.

Not all the light artists were home-grown in psychedelic land. Most of them have tried their hand at forms of conventional painting or sculpture, but they are likely at the same time to have Ph.D.s in physics, to have worked as display artists or rocketry engineers. Among lumina's leading lights:

- Britain's John Hesley, 72, an inventor and former manager of a textile-processing business in London. In the past 14 years, he has developed his moving prismatic geometric light abstractions which are now exhibited as art and are also in use in London's University College Hospital to soothe patients.

- Gregorio Vardanega, 43, a native of Italy, studied painting and sculpture in Argentina, now works in Paris, where he shifted seven years ago into luminous constructions, like his blocklike, architectural "chromatic progressions." His goals in art are to produce "precision, harmony, cleanliness and order."

- Britain's Takis, 42, is a philosophic Greek who began his odyssey into space-age media in 1954, while waiting at the Calais station. He became fascinated by "the signalization of the railways. I thought how dramatic this 'signalization' was, how necessary a part of our century." Ever since, he has been putting together odds and ends of old army tanks, trucks and planes to form cryptic beacons, panels of flashing green, violet and red aircraft-landing lights, needles that sing with an electronic *Zorba* whine.

- Texas-born Frank Malina, 54, now a UNESCO adviser on astronautics in Paris, was a cofounder of Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory. Starting out to make "a little bridge" between science and art, he began with strings, wires and painted plastic screens. He calls his finessed squiggly luminal needlepoint

paintings "Lumidynes," has built some ten feet high.

- West Germany's Heinz Mack, 36, one of the Group Zero, abandoned painted abstractions in 1953 to study philosophy and logic for three years at the University of Cologne. Artistic illumination came to him in 1959, when accidentally, he stepped on a piece of aluminum foil on a sisal rug, was delighted with the light reflections on its newly embossed surface. Today he uses plastics, spotlights, rotors, polished aluminum foil and nubbled glass to recapture this "amazing, profoundly changing" phenomenon, says that "to me, light plays the same part that color used to play for painters."

- West Virginia-born "Pete" McClanahan, 33, graduated from the Cincinnati Art Academy, did displays for the American Museum of Natural History in Manhattan before beginning light constructions in 1964. His classically simple *Cloverleaf* employs relatively elementary wiring and hidden fluorescent tubes. McClanahan believes that "the promise of light is incredible to contemplate, but it may be disastrous for some at first, until the use of the medium is mastered, as classic Oriental drawing must be mastered, by constant training."

Distant Music. The 64,000-volt question about the use of light as a medium is, of course, whether it can produce great works of art or will remain merely intriguing decoration. Certainly luminal art is dazzling, far more mysterious than the jeeringly antipoccal comment of pop, far more alive and sprightly than two dimensional op. Yet, like op, it often seems to be all surface and no content. In part, the problem lies in the novelty of the art and the difficulty its practitioners find in rising above the welter of technological gimmickry. But, unless some way is found to build luminal constructions far more durable than the present variety, museums in the year 2500 are going to be even more strapped for examples of 20th-century light art than museums today are for genuine Leonardos.

"The only limitation that I see in it," says Thomas Wilfred, now 78, "is that these who try it just don't have the vision to use it." As far as M.I.T.'s Gyorgy Kepes is concerned, the problem is largely one of newness: "Renaissance artists like Uccello and even Leonardo were as much interested in discovery as in the poetry of the discovery. There was a joy in the discovery and a joy in that joy."

Yet the luminal artists are keenly aware that if their art is to succeed, they must develop it a good deal further. "The power that will make it last," observes McClanahan, "is the power of the individual artist to transmit his humanity to it." Says Thomas Tadlock, "We are at a stage now in light that is comparable to music when the first man took a stick and banged on a hollow log." Under the circumstances, even the hunt of distant music is to be heralded.



VARDANEGA



TAKIS



MACK



McCLANAHAN

Now for the 64,000-volt question.

MODERN LIVING

TRAVEL

Call of the World

Come spring, and the Call of the World sounds across the land. Never before have the multitudes been quite so willing—or so able—to respond.

More than 15 million Americans went abroad in 1966, and this year that figure may go up by as much as another 2,000,000. Why now? Says Travel Guide Temple Fielding: "The big story this season is the enormous increase in mass—i.e., class—tourism." Adds San Francisco Travel Agent Boyan Ribnikar: "With those group air fares, how can you afford to stay home?"

Indeed, the main reasons for the big summer exodus from America this year are that the new low-fare airline deals for groups (as little as \$230 round trip to London) and the go-cheap package tours (\$398 for 15 days visiting London, Amsterdam, Frankfurt, Nürnberg, Innsbruck, Venice, Florence, Rome, Lucerne and Paris). Such prices are within the range of almost everyone—from \$90-a-week secretaries to \$7,500-a-year family men. And already the big international airlines—TWA, Pan Am, BOAC—are booked solid for their 21-day trips throughout July and early August.

Still, pick a spot—any spot—and the chances are good that there is a way to get there. Most popular are the traditional stopovers—London, Paris, Rome—though many of the bargain spots of yesteryear are now hopelessly overcrowded. Out this season, says Fielding, are Torremolinos on Spain's Costa del Sol ("It has been overrun by the beats and the yé-yés; there are five

different sexes there at least"), the French Riviera ("fading fast"), Italy's Adriatic coast below Venice ("absolutely overrun with Germans"), the islands of Ibiza and Majorca ("This stabs me in my left ventricle and in the right one too; we make our home there"), and Lucerne ("It's a madhouse; more than 30,000 people visit the city daily").

For 5,500,000 Americans, the summer's travel will be a relatively short-range junket to Canada's Expo 67, the greatest show on earth this year. But for the millions more who want to wander farther afield, there is encouraging news that abroad better basic accommodations, more imaginative trills and a warmer welcome await them.

IRELAND is celebrating the 300th anniversary of Jonathan Swift's birth and offers a \$100, eight-day "literature" tour that goes to Dublin's Trinity College, Celbridge Abbey and Kilkenny City. The old sod expects a record year, including visits from Jacqueline Kennedy and 31 members of Chicago's Grandmothers' Club. Awaiting them will be everything from a \$95-a-week "boatel" on the River Shannon to an army of newly popular pub balladeers and maudlin dinners which will be served in medieval castles.

ENGLAND, accustomed to the annual American demand to see Windsor Castle and the Shakespeare country, will spice up the trip with a bit of 18th century sophistication. For \$150, travelers can take a three-day tour in a 17-seater coach-and-four; the package includes meals and rooms at medieval inns along the way. Scotland beckons with the Edinburgh Festival. Newly popular: Edinburgh's Highland hideouts as Aviemore, 30 miles from Inverness.

SCANDINAVIA has opened its salmon-fishing preserves to the public, and sportsmen can buy rights to fish for rates ranging from \$35 to \$3,000 a week, depending on the richness of the rivers. A placid but entertaining attraction is the "dollar train" from Stockholm to Lapland, a seven-day, \$425 railroad cruise through the magnificence of the fjords and mountain country.

FRANCE still offers Paris as its main (and very expensive) attraction. This year, to add some zing to the traditional cathedral and château trips, there is an association called *Relais de Campagne* to plan gourmet tours of 76 superb country inns in the provinces. Up for rediscovery this season: Périgord, a dreamy river-filled region of south-central France long famed for its truffles, which offers splendid, inexpensive food, as well as a growing number of excellent hotels.

ITALY yearly improves the *Autostrada* linking up the main tourist cities north and south of Rome. The big question mark has been Florence, and the news is good: Florence is going to be more fascinating than ever. Of 31,555 art shops



YUGOSLAVIA'S DUBROVNIK
Who can afford to stay home?

in the city, nearly 8,000 were ruined by last fall's floods; yet all but 150 will be back in business this summer. The city has not only recovered but has actually turned the flood damage into a high-powered attraction. Visitors can now take a guided tour of the Boboli Gardens, central "hospital" for damaged paintings and manuscripts, and watch craftsmen doing the delicate job of restoring the damaged masterpieces in a *limonaia* (a one-time hothouse for growing lemons).

PORTUGAL has the Algarve, along the southern coast, now easily reachable by car from Lisbon over the recently opened Salazar Bridge. The chic people have begun to flock into two new ocean-view luxury hotels in Praia da Rocha and Portimão. The beaches and water are superb, the prices are reasonable, and there is a new 18-hole golf course, which will host this year's European Ladies championship. Another "find" this year will be the island of Madeira, 535 miles southwest of Lisbon; it has always had splendid accommodations, but its new airport opened 18 months ago, and the new accessibility guarantees new popularity. Portugal's biggest draw of the season will be the tiny village of Fatima, which is celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Virgin Mary's appearance to three shepherd's children. Tens of thousands of pilgrims are expected in Fatima, but getting satisfactory accommodations is going to be almost as miraculous as the event the pilgrims have come to celebrate: the town has a scant 5,000 beds for guests—mostly in places that have neither running water nor indoor toilets.

SPAIN is still a bargain, overcrowded along the Costa Brava and jam-packed in Madrid ("Its season used to be winter," reports Fielding. "Now it is difficult to get hotel accommodations any time. Madrid is going crazy"). Favored this year by the rich and beautiful people: Sotogrande del Guadiaro on the Costa del Sol, a region that boasts 3,200



PORTUGAL'S ALGARVE

acres overlooking the Rock of Gibraltar, several fine hotels, two golf courses and fine swimming. Equally In: nearby Marbella (the Duke and Duchess of Windsor will be there).

GREECE is expected to top the 1,000,000 mark in tourists for the first time, and a big attraction, as usual, will be Athens and the islands in the Aegean Sea. For the first time, tourists will have an alternative to bumping from site to site by bus. Instead, ruin viewers can sail the wine-dark sea in comfort on a scenic three-day cruise (for from \$75 to \$160) aboard the *Meltemi*, which stops at ports near Delphi, Epidaurus and Corinth.

EASTERN EUROPE is at last beginning to grab its share of the tourist business. Budapest's reputation as a swinging capital has penetrated the Iron Curtain. Czechoslovakia offers a Mozart festival, and of late has become downright comradely toward tourists. Says Harvard Square Travel Agent Vladimir Kazan, a Czech-born American citizen who was once jailed in Prague: "From my cellmates, I understand the country is cultivating good restaurants, picturesque cities and reasonably good hotels. I hear they're really catering to Americans." Despite his own unhappy experience, Kazan heartily recommends a visit. Soviet Russia, this year celebrating the 50th anniversary of its revolution, expects 2,000,000 visitors (about 40,000 of them Americans), and is laying on 140 special trains and extra Aeroflot flights.

YUGOSLAVIA today is the best bargain in Europe. For the past six years, tourism has been increasing at the staggering rate of 25% a year: 15 million visited there last year, and in 1967 there will be even more, largely because Yugoslavia has flung open its borders with a no-visa-required policy for everyone. Excellent hotels have sprung up along the Dalmatian coast, especially at Split and Dubrovnik. Rates remain low (\$14 a day, including meals), and additional private-enterprise restaurants are being encouraged. To speed tourists in and out, there are direct flights from Rome and a new, two-lane asphalt highway. Only drawback: in rushing the new road to completion, no guard rails were installed along nearly 400 miles of highway that winds hundreds of feet above the Adriatic.

AFRICA looms big, beautiful and relatively inexpensive for voyagers who hanker for some spoon-fed adventure. In Nairobi, a visitor can step off an airplane and, within ten minutes by car, be in the wilds of the Dark Continent, watching an entire Bronx Zoo on the loose. Tourists can travel 8,500 ft. up Mount Kenya to the bamboo-jungle-surrounded Secret Valley Game Lodge, a two-story building set on tree-trunk stilts, rent a room for \$15 a day (including meals) and gaze in perfect safety at leopards that slink out of the night to feed on bated venison beneath a battery of floodlights. In the "other Africa"—to

the north—the scenes and the accommodations are considerably different. Algeria has fallen far behind in tourist facilities. But in Morocco, there are hundreds of miles of beaches in the Blue Country, where the Sahara Desert touches the Atlantic and the sun shines at least 300 days a year. The capital city of Rabat now has a luxurious new Hilton Hotel (up to \$18 a day), a swinging night life, and a high-powered crowd of jet-set visitors, who include Princess Lee Radziwill, Mick Jagger and Paul Getty Jr. (who recently bought a Marrakesh palace).

INDIA too is expecting an enormous turnout of tourists this year. And if they ever get beyond haggling with the marketplace throngs of Delhi and Calcutta, visitors can luxuriate in the Shangi-la-

SHANGHAI VISITOR—NANCY PALMER



KASHMIR HOUSEBOAT

Once they get beyond the marketplace,

like valleys of Kashmir, where they can rent a houseboat for as little as \$49 a week and drift about the placid, clear mountain lakes. For the more rugged visitor, Nepal has the Tigertops Hotel, which offers its guests an elephant-back excursion through the jungles. For the athletic, there is a \$300-a-week hiking trip through tiny Buddhist villages, across flower-carpeted Himalayan meadows and on up to the level of mountain climbers' base camps (16,000 ft.) on Mount Everest.

It all that is not far enough out, there is still the excitement of hunting whales in a wooden boat off the Azores (for \$35 a day), or sitting on a deck chair aboard a "boatel" on Brazil's Araguata River munching roasted piranhas (\$1,600 for three weeks), or a six-week explorer's trip through Mongolia, Afghanistan and Pakistan, where the diet includes sheep's eyeballs and cooked lamb's head (\$3,650). As for the \$5,000, five-week trip to Antarctica, the boat does not leave from the tip of Chile until January 1968—summertime at the South Pole.



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THE PRESS

EDITORS

Too Much & Not Enough

Criticism is the order of the day at the annual convention of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. From inside journalism, it usually involves shortcomings of public figures and organizations that are telling newsmen the wrong things—or not telling them enough. From outside, it is the newspapers that are not saying enough, or are saying it wrong. Last week's meeting produced both complaints.

According to CORE's national director, Floyd B. McKissick, "Today there are only two kinds of statements a black man can make and expect that the white press will report. First is an attack on another black man calling him an Uncle Tom [a charge McKissick himself has made once or twice] or a fanatic or a black nationalist. The second is a statement that sounds radical, violent, extreme—the verbal equivalent of a riot—Watts put into words."

McKissick urged the editors to "think back over the past months. You will begin to realize that the Negro is being rewarded by the public media only if he turns on another Negro and uses his tongue as a switchblade, or only if he sounds outlandish, extremist or psychotic." He added: "How many of you report even what middle-class Negroes do? Your social column, your engagement column, your local events column. We'd like to feel that what we did on the local scene was important. You know, we like news clippings too."

A committee of the assembled editors offered some criticism of its own. Although an unofficial poll of some 100 editors showed that most of them support President Johnson on Viet Nam, the committee chose to add that "the war has escalated to the accompaniment of an almost unbroken succession of pronouncements that it was going in the opposite direction, or at least that something else was happening." The committee noticed "some slight improvement" in recent months, but in general, "President Johnson continues to hurt his image and his credibility by consistently trying to make the news sound or seem better than it is."

British Deplores

Outspoken as they were, McKissick and the committee on presidential credibility were the soul of restraint compared to what followed. Sweeping in with the brisk authority of a North Sea gale, British Press Lord Cecil King, 66, promised that his strictures on the U.S. press would be "mild and moderate." But anyone who reads King's raw and racy London Daily Mirror (circ. over 5,000,000) should have known that mildness and moderation are not traits that he admires.

"I merely deplore that you are producing unreadable, unmanageable news-

papers," he began. "Some of your foreign correspondents and your Washington correspondents are excellent journalists. As guests at the dinner table, they are good value. On television they have an impressive fluency and sonority. In the magazines, they write well, brilliantly sometimes." Yet what they write for their daily papers is often "quite appalling, long, loose, rambling and repetitive." This lifeless writing results, King declared, from a "fetish for objectivity." Reporters "divest news of its own inherent drama. They cast away the succulent flesh and offer the reader dry bones, coated with an insipid sauce of superfluous verbiage. They reject the

GALTER HERBERT



CECIL KING

Dry bones with insipid sauce.

flashing, illuminating phrase, which can make an unknown foreign statesman come vividly alive, or a dash of wit which may relieve the tedium unavoidably contained in much important news."

Sacred Cows. By trying so diligently to be objective, said King, U.S. newspapers fail to "reflect the vitality of life in the American city, which is so striking to the British newspaperman. No New York paper communicates the salt tang of life, the wit of New York, its physical and intellectual energy, its cynicism and idealism, its pursuit of profit and of scholarship."

Editorials, continued an unflinching King, are even worse. "Could a real living journalist have assembled in his human mind such a collection of dim platitudes which lead so inexorably to a non-conclusion?" As for columnists, "I wonder if they would be so lavishly used if they were not dirt cheap; if it was not possible for an editor or a publisher to obtain for a song so much copy of such high respectability." Many columnists "conceal an idea the size of a

pea in a stack of dry straw. Does nobody discipline them? Does nobody make them re-write or throw a column away? Are they sacred cows that are allowed to wander unmolested through your pages?"

Since local retailers will always need an advertising medium, King concluded, "the newspaper may stay alive as a business, while its primary function is ebbing away. In America, television journalism, radio journalism, magazine journalism are all livelier and more professional than the newspapers."

NEWSPAPERS

The Reluctant Crusaders

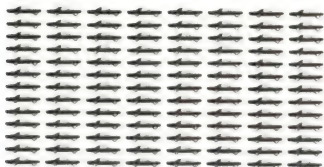
In the past five years, nine Albany newspapers have been subpoenaed a total of 20 times by the Albany County grand jury. Each time, the jury has shown little interest in finding out about criminal matters that the newsmen have reported. Instead, it has investigated the journalists themselves—their private habits as well as their professional performances. The objective is obviously harassment. "In my 35 years as a newspaperman," says Gene Robb, publisher of both the morning Times-Union and the afternoon Knickerbocker News, "I have never heard of a comparable situation in the U.S."

The newspapers are scarcely standard crusaders. In the 46 years that cristy old Dan O'Connell has commanded the city's Democratic machine, the papers had fallen into the habit of ignoring stories critical of him. When Gene Robb, a longtime Hearst executive in Washington, took over the chain's Times-Union in 1953, O'Connell had no reason to expect any change. Christened "Mr. Nice Guy U.S.A." by Albany staffers, Robb concentrated on the business side of the papers, succeeded in purchasing the Knickerbocker News from the Gannett chain in 1960.

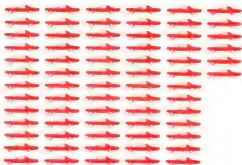
Indictment & Acquittal. Robb then turned to the papers' editorial side. "It was my conclusion," he says, "that our job should be a reporting job." The first full job of coverage was on a report by the State Investigation Commission condemning the city's purchasing practices. Then, in 1961, Reform Candidate Rev. Robert K. Hudnut ran for mayor against the machine-picked Erastus Corning II. The papers duly reported Hudnut's charges against the machine: that it had been controlling votes through tax assessments; that it had been making huge profits in settling tax-delinquency cases. Corning won anyway, but the machine was furious with the papers. The city canceled all legal advertising, worth \$150,000 a year, in both papers. Robb explained the reasons to the Hearst home office, got its complete backing.

In June 1962, Knickerbocker News Reporter Edward Swietnicki wrote a front-page story about a Negro post-office clerk who had been arrested for disorderly conduct and been treated at a hospital for multiple head bruises and

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What does matter is what should you do with it now! Just how should you invest it?

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All you have to do is fill out the rest of this form, return it, and then receive the very best suggestions our Research Division can come up with in line with your funds, your objectives.

There isn't any charge. We don't feel that you're obligated in any way.

Now then, got a pen or pencil?

Yes, I do have some extra money to invest—approximately \$_____ in fact.

I would like to see what your Research Division would suggest, remembering that my objective is the one I have checked below:

- ☐ I am most interested in securities that provide relative safety of capital coupled with a liberal income return.
- ☐ I can afford to assume a little more risk and am interested in common stocks that are attractive for income and capital appreciation. I would like to realize a current return of about _____%.
- ☐ I can afford more risk and am primarily interested in good quality growth stocks that have the potential of increasing in value over the years.
- ☐ I am interested in attractive speculations and can afford to assume the risks involved.

I understand there is no charge for this service, and that you will mail your answers—in complete confidence and without any obligation of any kind—to me:

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All filled out? Then for the very best help we can give you, simply put this in an envelope addressed direct to Harold F. Wiley, Manager, Portfolio Analysis Department.

other injuries. The clerk claimed police had beaten him at the station. The grand jury opened an investigation, but it soon became apparent that the machine-controlled, overwhelmingly Democratic panel was interested only in investigating Reporter Swietnicki. Questioned for hours on end by District Attorney John Garvey II, Swietnicki said at one point that he had discussed his story beforehand with his managing editor, Robert Fichtenberg. Later, Fichtenberg testified that he did not recall such a discussion. On that ground, Swietnicki was indicted for second-degree perjury—a somewhat recondite and rarely used charge having to do with the changing of testimony on an issue not pertinent to the main inquiry. He was duly tried, but acquitted.

Direct Action. From then on, whenever the papers printed stories critical of the city government, staffers were sure



GENE ROBB

Back talk for the machine.

to be called before the grand jury. Emboldened rather than intimidated, the papers lashed out in editorials against the machine. Last fall, Times-Union Executive Editor Dan Button, who had been Robb's right-hand man, took more direct action by running against an O'Connell man for Congress. While his opponent did not even bother to campaign, Republican Button ran hard on the issues his own paper had raised. He won an upset victory by 17,000 votes and gave the machine one of the worst scares of its career.

Though their man won, the papers did not let up. After the election, they ran stories citing widespread vote buying by the machine. Following its custom, the grand jury summoned reporters but failed to hear key witnesses. Last week it adjourned without returning an indictment. The papers shot right back at the jury's inaction. "We didn't set out to start a crusade," says Robb. "But when public criticism was made, we weren't afraid to carry it. We are finally opening windows in Albany."



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Catholic Bishops assail birth control as millions face starvation



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FRANKS

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THE RECENT CHARGES of the Roman Catholic Bishops add up to a frontal attack on organized family planning.

The Bishops called upon everyone: "to oppose, vigorously and by every democratic means, those campaigns already underway in some states and at the national level toward the active promotion, by tax-supported agencies, of birth prevention as a public policy, above all in connection with welfare benefit programs."

This aggressive move was made notwithstanding the known facts respecting the population explosion which President Johnson has called "humanity's greatest challenge."

Tidal wave of people

A tidal wave of *three billion* more people will inundate the earth in the next 30 years, if the present rate of increase is not arrested!

The population of the United States may increase by 150 million!

Famine already stalks the earth. India, kept from the brink today by U.S. wheat shipments, will add 200 million more people by 1980.

"The world is on the threshold of the biggest famine in history," concludes Dr. Raymond Ewell, former advisor to India's Government. Dr. Ewell predicts famine in India, Pakistan and Communist China about 1970, and in Brazil, Egypt, Indonesia, and Turkey soon after.

The Bishops' polemic encompasses all family planning, domestic and international. It strikes at "our Government's stepped-up intervention in family planning, including the subsidizing of contraceptive programs at home and abroad..."

World catastrophe in prospect

If the Bishops were to succeed in their efforts:

1. Millions of women on welfare would be deprived of the knowledge and effective methods of preventing the birth of children they cannot care for.
2. Legislators may hold back welfare funds for family planning through fear of reprisal at the polls, thereby increasing the tax burden of unwanted children.
3. Federal administrators, whose "stepped-up" programs the Bishops have attacked, may discontinue or diminish these programs.
4. The President of the United States himself is threatened by the Bishops' warning that "our public officials be on guard..."
5. Congressmen may hesitate to advance the program on foreign aid in the population field so splendidly begun by the 89th Congress. Without population control the huge \$7 billion Food for Peace program will be a mere stop-gap, saving the lives of those who would produce still more hungry people.

"Either we take the fullest measures both to raise productivity and to stabilize population growth, or we face a disaster of unprecedented magnitude," according to Dr. B. R. Sen, Director-General of the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization.

If such measures are not taken, it is likely that Americans—a humane people—may be rationing their own food in the not distant future.

Public favors birth control

John F. Kennedy was the first U.S. President to concern himself officially with the problem of population limitation.

The Bishops' attack has been read by enlightened Catholic leaders with a sense of unbelief and dismay. They have called it unrealistic, out-of-date, reactionary and inconsistent with the spirit of Vatican II in the modern world. Professor William D'Antonio of Notre Dame University referred to the Bishops' statement as "beating a dead horse."

Asked in a Gallup survey last year if birth control information ought to be easily available to any married persons wanting it, 81 per cent of Catholics and 86 per cent of non-Catholics said YES.

The battle will be won

The magnitude of the challenge, however, is so great that only Government can meet it fully.

Individuals and organizations should speak out quickly in vigorous support of the Government's family planning program. Contact Federal, State and City officials. Point out that the American people—Catholics, Protestants and Jews—are overwhelmingly for the program.

Birth control is a popular cause which public officials can support confidently.

If in the years to come the earth should be ravaged by the fabled horsemen of the Apocalypse—War, Famine, Disease and Death—let the responsibility not be ours.

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AFFILIATE OF FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK.

U.S. BUSINESS

WALL STREET

New No. 1 Salesman

The search for a successor to New York Stock Exchange President Keith Funston took a full seven months. This week, unless there is a last-minute change of mind, the Big Board will announce that it has found the man for the \$125,000-a-year post. He is Robert W. Haack, 50, who as head of the National Association of Securities Dealers has been policeman of the nation's over-the-counter securities market for the past three years.

Haack's elevation, which is expected to be formally approved by the exchange's 33-man board of governors in

WALTER BENNETT



HAACK

Give him the complicated life.

May, will come none too soon. Because of Funston's lame-duck status, the Big Board has been more or less marking time in its imminent showdown with the Securities and Exchange Commission, which wants some basic reforms in brokerage commission practices—namely, the elimination of “give-ups,” by which brokers doing business on behalf of mutual funds split their commissions. In fact, one reason for the difficulty in selecting a new president was the resistance of conservative members of the exchange to any candidate who might rock the boat too much.

Although he is no windmill-tilting crusader, Bob Haack will bring to the Big Board presidency a deep knowledge of the securities business and a proven knack for prudent reform. An amiable, soft-spoken man with a ready smile, Haack was born in Milwaukee, graduated from Michigan's Hope College and Harvard Business School, in 1940 joined the Wisconsin Co., a Milwaukee-

based investment banking firm, as a \$125-a-month securities analyst. After a Navy hitch in the South Pacific during World War II, Haack returned to the firm—subsequently renamed Robert W. Baird & Co.—and worked in underwriting, sales and trading before becoming a partner in 1950. Haack further broadened his experience as a governor of the Midwest Stock Exchange, moved to Washington in 1964 as the \$80,000-a-year president of the N.A.S.D.

Created by act of Congress, the quasi-official association had, until then, been less than effective in regulating the rapidly expanding but hopelessly decentralized over-the-counter market. Haack quickly stamped himself as a man who could work closely with the SEC, yet keep the best interest of the N.A.S.D.'s member firms in mind. He strengthened the association's staff, made available more realistic stock quotations, stiffened requirements for dealing in securities. At the same time, arguing that more thorough study was required, he held out against SEC insistence on tighter supervision of mutual-fund sales practices.

Aside from an occasional round of golf, Haack is pretty much of a homebody, insists that his family and his wife, Catherine, have four children, aged 14 to 22 is his only real hobby. At the time he joined the N.A.S.D., he characteristically expressed regret at abandoning the “relatively uncomplicated” life he had been living in Milwaukee. What with the SEC and member firms looking over his shoulder, Haack might find that his life as capitalism's No. 1 salesman is quite complicated.

THE ECONOMY

Upturn

Most economists, businessmen and congressional experts expressed only varying degrees of doubt last January when Gardner Ackley and the Council of Economic Advisers peered at their G.N.P. projections and predicted that the economy would heat up again so much by mid-1967 that a deflationary 6% surtax on personal and corporate income taxes would be necessary. At that time, with many economic indicators turning downward, there seemed to be little reason for such a forecast. Last week, however, Ackley & Co. had visible evidence to support their vision.

Policy & Performance. In recent weeks the indicators have been moving unmistakably upward. Housing, the great industrial invalid of 1966, has begun to recuperate (see following story). Retail sales have revived, partly because of an early Easter and strong March department-store sales but mostly because the U.S. consumer has replenished his savings and is spending again. Unemployment, in spite of a dip in the factory work week, has failed to increase, and, in the most reassuring indication of all,

Ackley pointed out that “we have been encouraged by the apparent speed of the inventory adjustment, with accumulation actually falling to zero in February.” The latest of the leading indicators for March verified the trend: personal income rose \$3.4 billion to a record level of \$613.1 billion at a seasonally adjusted rate.

Ackley and the Administration could take credit for part of the turnaround. Faced with unmistakable signs of recession, the Administration in the past months has shoveled funds into mortgages and freed money to speed federal construction programs. The Federal Reserve Board, meanwhile, cut the dis-



count rate and has generally moved to make money easier. At the same time, a lag in domestic spending has almost been covered this year by an upswing in defense spending: in the first quarter \$3 billion more was spent on military needs than had been anticipated. Altogether, said Ackley, fiscal and monetary policy are now more stimulative than they have been since the Korean War.

Discounting the Drop. Many an economist, businessman and politician, though heartened by the figures, still had to be shown. But not the stock market. Investors have largely discounted falling profits; no sooner did Chrysler Corp. announce a 71% drop in earnings than Chrysler stock went up. What interests the market now is the general economic outlook. On Administration reassurances that it is going to get better, the Dow-Jones industrial average rose for seven straight trading sessions, closed last week at 883.18.

HOUSING

Recovering, Slowly

In their cheerful forecasts for a summer surge in the U.S. economy, Washington policymakers have counted on a strong rebound by the housing industry—the foremost victim of last year's tight money. Though housing has clearly begun to climb back from its worst slump in almost a decade, the revival so far has been a bit sluggish. Last week the Commerce Department reported that March housing starts showed a mere 1.7% gain from their February doldrums, to an annual rate of 1,171,000 new houses and apartments. At that pace, the industry was barely bettering its performance during the last half of 1966. "It's easier to scare buyers away than to get 'em back," says Los Angeles Builder Ben Deane, sounding a common

There is a reservoir of demand, in certain cities, housing construction has ebbed so much that builders insist that some types of accommodation are in short supply. In Manhattan, private apartment building dropped to an eight-year low of 2,812 units last year, and rent increases of as much as 10% have become common when leases expire in apartment building units not subject to rent control. "By midyear," says President Irving Rose of Detroit-based Advance Mortgage Co., "the apartment market should be particularly tight in New York City, Detroit, San Francisco and San Jose, Calif."

A Blow to Cost Cutting. Similarly, last year's building plunge erased a glut of some 100,000 unsold new houses in California. "Now," says Vice President C. E. McCarthy of the Bank of America, "there are actual shortages, except in

PROFITS

The First Quarter

As annual meetings came to order last week, news of pinched profits during the first quarter of 1967 did little to dampen the spirit of this capitalistic rite of spring. Company directors grinned and bore the usual questions about executive wages, profit sharing, charitable contributions, and cumulative stock voting. A.T. & T.'s new chairman, Haakon I. Romnes, greeted his 4,801 guests at Baltimore's Civic Center and handled the meeting with aplomb. In Detroit, Chrysler shareholders barely flinched when Chairman Lynn A. Townsend told them that first-quarter earnings had plummeted 71% from a year earlier.

Indeed, it seemed that stockholders were well educated as to the causes of the downtrend and ready to accept the worst. It therefore came as old hat that such past record setters as Du Pont, Caterpillar, Union Carbide, and Safeway Stores reported earnings slides. After six years of record-high dividend checks, stockholders appeared fat, friendly and eager to be entertained by the corporate hierarchy.

In New York, CBS did just that by holding the meeting at Studio 41 in its Television City and showing a color-slide spectacular praising its achievements. Chairman William Paley remained unmoved when several stockholders complained about the quality of the CBS television schedule. After announcing that first-quarter earnings would drop about \$1,000,000, although sales would rise to about \$215 million, or 12% above the first quarter of last year, he formally announced two acquisitions—Creative Playthings and Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Two days earlier, RCA said its first-quarter sales and earnings were a record—\$683 million and \$34.4 million respectively.

Meanwhile on the West Coast, about 1,200 Douglas Aircraft stockholders gathered at the Beverly Hilton Hotel for the company's final annual meeting. Seventy-two percent of the shareholders voted for merger with McDonnell Aircraft, which is expected to take place at month's end. Even after Donald W. Douglas Jr. described the "sharp and ultimately disastrous reversal of our fortunes," which meant a loss of \$27.5 million in 1966, the shareholders gave him a standing ovation. Perhaps symbolic of Douglas' lackluster recent days was a movie shown to the gathering about its DC-8 jets. It ground to a halt after a few seconds; while workmen found the reason and fixed it, a film about McDonnell ran without a hitch.

A few hours earlier in St. Louis, 81% of McDonnell's stockholders had approved the merger plan, but at least one question asked at the Midwest meeting was echoed in Los Angeles: Why is Donald Douglas Jr., the man widely criticized for running the company into the red, to be paid \$100,000 annually (he received \$150,000 at Douglas) as a member of the merged



PREFAB HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION NEAR CHICAGO

Easier to scare 'em away than get 'em back.

sentiment among his colleagues. "The recovery is going to be slow."

Cheaper Loans. Still, builders, lenders and economists agree, with rare unanimity, that the ailing industry will regain its health by year's end. President Leon Weiner of the National Association of Home Builders last week predicted that a substantial upturn during the summer and fall will lift starts to a 1967 total of 1,300,000, as against 1,220,000 in 1966. Such optimism is based mainly on the Government's sharp switch toward easier credit. Interest rates on home mortgages have dropped faster than in any recent period in Federal Reserve records. Eastern investors who demanded a 6.6% and 6.7% return on their money last fall are now snapping up loans at 6%, and a few of them are willing to take as little as 5.9%, according to mortgage brokers. As a result, Housing and Urban Development Secretary Robert Weaver told Congress last week that the Federal Housing Administration may cut the 6% rate that it now charges on home loans "if the trend continues." But Weaver added: "I wouldn't say when."

units priced over \$40,000 and in poor-quality developments."

In a number of cities, including Pittsburgh, Chicago, Atlanta and Cincinnati, builders' efforts to step up production are complicated by shortages of carpenters, plumbers, bricklayers and electricians. "The building trades are replacing only 50% of their people who retire," explains Robert Teti of Pittsburgh's Ryan Homes. "It's tough to get craftsmen to work on the site, so you do it at the factory."

That has been the trend in construction for years, but last week the U.S. Supreme Court ruled in two 5-to-4 decisions that unions may legally boycott prefabricated materials in order to preserve their right to perform work on job sites. In the key case, the majority upheld the refusal of Philadelphia carpenters to install factory-finished doors in a housing project built by Frouge Corp. The decisions dealt a blow to cost-cutting efficiency in an industry that has only belatedly begun to emerge from its ancient handicraft ways. That problem, the court ruled, should be resolved by Congress.

board of directors? With characteristic firmness Chairman James S. McDonnell answered: "No retribution of any nature is called for."

By week's end a relatively consistent pattern of first-quarter results could be charted. While such industries as aerospace, electronics, office equipment and banking were holding their own, automakers—plus the aligned producers of rubber and steel—were reporting weakened earnings. Overall, White House economists are using a \$46 billion annual rate as the best guess for first-quarter profits—a \$2,000,000,000 drop from the last quarter of 1966.

AUTOS

The 100 Millionth

While not setting any profits records this year, General Motors last week did achieve a historic accomplishment. Off the assembly line at the Janesville, Wis., plant rolled a blue 1967 Chevrolet Caprice Custom Coupe—G.M.'s 100 millionth U.S. vehicle.

MANAGEMENT

A Bath in Steel

As a collector and rebuild of limp companies, California Industrialist Norton Simon owns an unrivaled record of success. From the tomato-paste base of his Hunt Foods, he has strung together an empire of two dozen corporations from publishing (McCall Corp.) to soft drinks (Canada Dry) to containers (Knox Glass). Almost every company that Simon has bought into has prospered and he has hung on to all of his major acquisitions.

Except for one. Last week Simon conceded a resounding defeat in his effort to master steelmaking. At a loss of some \$654,000, Simon gave up 60% of his holdings in troubled Wheeling Steel Corp. and turned the job of reviving its fortunes over to Pittsburgh Steel Co.

For \$21.50 a share, or \$4.20 less than he paid, Simon sold 77,353 shares of

Wheeling to Pittsburgh Steel, plus an equal amount to the family of the late Charles F. Kettering, the General Motors inventor and executive. Along with three other Simon-picked directors (Simon himself resigned as chairman and director last November), Wheeling Steel President Robert Morris announced his resignation. In as chairman and chief executive of Wheeling will go Allison R. Maxwell Jr., 52, a gregarious salesman who has held the same job at Pittsburgh Steel since 1956.

Two-and-a-half years ago, when Simon moved into Wheeling, now the nation's tenth largest steel producer, he shook up the company by forcing five directors off the board, tossing out the chairman-president, and hiring Morris away from Monsanto Chemical Co. to take charge. Amid that upheaval, Wheeling was unable to attract new seasoned steel executives. Though the company had borrowed \$145 million from banks and insurance companies for plant modernization, it needed still more renovation to run efficiently. Over the past two years, Wheeling piled up losses of \$12.4 million.

"The Constructive Way." On top of criticism from the lenders when Wheeling failed to meet its repayment schedule last year, Simon came under pressure from his Hunt associates to devote his energies to more promising parts of his realm. To nurse Wheeling back to health, Simon agreed to let Pittsburgh Steel take charge because, said he, "it was the most constructive way out."

The two companies should make a good fit. Pittsburgh, the nation's 14th largest steelmaker, lacks modern galvanizing facilities that Wheeling has in quantity. Pittsburgh's finishing capacity should help Wheeling recapture lost customers. Best of all, the two plants are linked by cheap water transport, the Ohio and Monongahela rivers. Despite his selloff, Simon kept a 4% interest in Wheeling (100,000 shares). If the price climbs eleven points from last week's close of 214, Simon could yet escape from his bath in steel with a profit.

TOBACCO

Please Hold This Magazine

A Little Further Away

Until recently, an extra six-tenths of an inch was important mostly to carpenters, seamstresses and surgeons. Now, however, that fractional distance has become an \$800 million-a-year consideration to the U.S. tobacco industry. Six-tenths of an inch is the difference in length between king-size cigarettes and the 100-mm. size, the hottest new item in the tobacco business. Estimates are that the 100-mm. will get 8% to 10% of the \$8 billion cigarette market this year v. only 2% last year, when they were first introduced.

Pall Mall pioneered the popularity "luxury-length cigarette" in March 1966, and was followed last fall by Benson & Hedges. The two caught on so well that other companies that



BENSON & HEDGES BILLBOARD

All in the puffs.

had been considering the longer cigarettes rushed their brands into distribution. Along with Pall Mall, the American Tobacco Co. brought out Colony in the 100-mm. length; American is now test-marketing Tareyton, Lucky Strike and Fifty Fifty in that size. P. Lorillard Co. introduced 100-mm. Spring and York and is testing its best-selling Kent in the supersize. Liggett & Myers now has menthol L & M's in the longer length. R. J. Reynolds has a 100-mm. Winston in menthol and nonmenthol; they accounted for much of the company's 3.9% increase in first-quarter sales.

Apologetic Approach. The longies have been pushed forward by a spritely \$10 million campaign launched for Philip Morris' Benson & Hedges by the hot new advertising agency, Wells, Rich, Greene. Adopting the apologetic approach to advertising that worked so well for Volkswagen and Avis Rent A Car, Benson & Hedges ads point out the difficulties of smoking a 100-mm. cigarette. They burn heads, get crushed in cigarette cases, smashed in elevator doors, mashed against closed car windows, and one ad warns: "Please hold this magazine a little further away if you're smoking Benson & Hedges 100s." On the other hand, "You'll never have to worry about lighting your nose." And Benson & Hedges 100s offer "three puffs, four puffs, maybe five puffs longer than king size—depending upon how you puff." As a result, Benson & Hedges have edged ahead of Pall Mall as the biggest 100-mm. seller, according to John C. Maxwell Jr., a Manhattan analyst whose statistics on cigarette consumption are the industry's most expert.

Even though tobacco men predict that the 100s will continue to account for a growing share of market, one problem must be solved that not even Wells, Rich, Greene cares to make light of. Without a converter that costs \$50, the longer size does not fit into 900,000 vending machines, from which 17% of all cigarettes are sold. Vending-machine owners so far are not eager to spend on conversions until they are certain the 100s are not a fast-burning fad.



SIMON

To a more promising realm.

WORLD BUSINESS

SOUTH KOREA

B. C. Lee's World

In the coastal city of Ulsan last week, old and new Korea came into symbolic confrontation. The spring mists filtering across the landscape were mixed for the first time with ammonia clouds, and Korean farmers wearing traditional costumes stood side by side with businessmen and government officials in trim, Western-style business suits. All had gathered for the dedication of the Korea Fertilizer Co.'s new urea plant, which, with an annual capacity of 330,000 tons of fertilizer, will be one of the world's largest. Presiding over the ceremonies, suitably enough, was Byung Chul Lee, 57, the plant's

ernize South Korea. Lee was forced to pay \$4,400,000 in back income taxes and tax-evasion penalties, and his shares in three banks were confiscated by the Park administration. Now back in grace, Lee got \$6,000,000 in government-backed loans to finance the fertilizer plant. The remainder of the money included a \$43.9 million loan from Japan's Mitsui & Co. and a \$1,000,000 investment by International Ore and Fertilizer Corp. of New York, which will market excess output abroad.

The Korea Fertilizer Co., during its 18 months of construction, involved Lee in further controversy, however. In the midst of construction, chemicals that had entered the country duty-free for use in fertilizer making were sold to a

and 150 looms of Lee's Cheil Wool Textile Industrial Co. Ltd. have not only halved the price of worsted goods for Koreans but have also helped the trade balance by sales to U.S. clothing manufacturers. Lee's sugar refinery at Pusan, started in 1953, provided the nation with a psychological lift because it was built at a time when the war with North Korea had left few businessmen willing to risk their capital on long-term investments. The urea-fertilizer plants, which will help make South Korea self-sufficient in fertilizer, are Lee's biggest project yet. His favorite enterprise is the Joong-Ang Mass Communications Center, headquartered in a nine-story Seoul office building where Lee works surrounded by teak-paneled walls and a collection of Oriental pottery. Joong-Ang includes a television station. South Korea's most popular radio station and the Joong-Ang Ilbo, a daily newspaper with a circulation of 325,000. "Mass communications," says Lee, "are the best way to prevent bad politics." They also happen to be a pretty good channel through which South Korea's biggest businessman can talk back to his various critics.

FRANCE

Frans Before Fondles

French shoppers are inveterate food feelers—they pinch tomatoes, squeeze head lettuce, pull artichoke leaves, even give cheese a little poke before stashing it in their shopping sacks. Michel Turquet, 46, a former supermarket manager with a technocratic bent, hopes to change all that. If he gets his way, franes will come before fondles.

Turquet owns Super-Marché de Poche, Paris' first computerized grocery store, which in the space-starved city sells 1,700 articles in its 240-sq.-ft. display area. A customer is given a plastic envelope and directed to the shelf space, which bears one sample of each product, plus a pile of punch cards. As he shops, he selects white cards for spices, blut for canned goods, red for dairy products, and so on. Finally he gives the cards to an operator who feeds them to a computer; in seconds the machine spews out a list of the items, prices and a total. Minutes later, a clerk appears from the stock room with the order. So rationally arranged is the selection that a list of 50 or more goods takes only a few minutes. And with only three assistants, Turquet can handle 30 people at a time during rush hours without creating bottlenecks.

While unfamiliar to Americans, computerized shopping is not completely new in Europe. It has been tried without notable success by smallish markets in Normandy and Sweden, and at least one big Swedish food chain has rejected



LEE (THIRD FROM LEFT) AT UREA PLANT OPENING
Success mixed with excess.

owner, who is the richest and by far the most controversial businessman in South Korea.

Grace & Karate Chops. Lee's approach to business is a combination of Oriental grace and karate chops; the combination has made enemies for him ever since he left college in Japan 33 years ago and went into business as a rice miller. By the end of World War II, Lee had a whole string of businesses and a special relationship with President Syngman Rhee; he was one of a chosen few to whom Rhee doled out, at the low official exchange rate, precious U.S. dollars that had been acquired by sales of valuable tungsten. For his profitable dealings in "tungsten dollars," Lee was branded an "illicit profiteer" when Rhee was overthrown in 1961 by Chung Hae Park. He fled to Japan, returned to Korea and resumed operations after Park decided he needed Lee's ability and overseas business contacts to help mod-

saccharin-processing firm at a \$40,000 profit. As a result, Lee's son, Chang Hee Lee, was sentenced to five years in prison for smuggling; he is appealing.

In the course of that controversy, an opposition delegate to the National Assembly, shouting "Eat this saccharin!" threw the Assembly into confusion by hurling a can of human excrement at a group of surprised members of Park's Cabinet. He was protesting what he charged was government connivance in the smuggling. The Cabinet ministers resigned in anger, but Park quickly reappointed them. Lee finally smoothed over the situation by offering the government a 51% interest in the new fertilizer plant.

The Best Way. Despite all such uproar, there is little doubt that Lee's Samsung Group of 20 companies, with \$55 million in annual sales, has helped South Korea to become an economically viable nation. The 20,000 spindles



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ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS



HÉREL



CHÂTEAU DE MERCUÈS

Everything from the unity of man to breath control.

electronic shopping. "Our customers wouldn't enjoy running around collecting cards instead of merchandise," says Paul Brundin of Gothenburg's Turitz & Co. "Shopping should be fun."

After a month of operation, Turquet believes that his pristine store, where the whirr of a Bull-Gé TAS-84 computer has replaced the clang of pushcarts and the monotony of canned music, is a going concern. His profit margin is 15%, his stock turns over every two weeks, and, says he, "the 2% other supermarkets have to deduct in their losses every month pays my rental fee for the computer."

Antidote for Blunders

Almost a decade ago, Georges Hérel, then head of France's Sud-Aviation and now president of Simeca, found to his frustration that selling abroad is beset with problems. Sud had two products in worldwide demand—the Caravelle jet and the Alouette helicopter. But Hérel had almost no aides capable of coping with the global market. "It was really difficult," he says, "to find executives who understood how to deal with people from other countries." Out of that experience has grown a nonprofit business school with the novel purpose of training rising managers of international companies in how to avoid money-eating blunders in foreign lands.

It took Hérel seven years to round up enough backing to finance his idea. At first, corporate executives guardedly asked who else was involved. That resistance ended only after an American expatriate millionairess named Isabelle Kemp chipped in the first \$800,000. Finally, Hérel recruited a multinational team of educators.

Last week the school, called the International Executive Training Center and bankrolled by 39 U.S. and European corporations, graduated its first class. It was a cosmopolitan group, made up of 17 high-level management men (average age: 42) from 14 companies in ten different countries. Among them: Chrysler International's controller, Fiat's man in Cairo, the assistant to the president of Spain's Barreiros Diesel, officials from

France's Credit Lyonnais, Britain's Rolls-Royce, the U.S.'s IBM and Sweden's Saab.

A Lesson in Breathing. The setting for their studies was pure French romance: the spired Château de Mercuès, a medieval castle recently converted to a luxury hotel. It stands on a hilltop overlooking the sleepy little town of Cahors in southwestern France near Hérel's country home. The ten-week, six-hour-a-day course (with a tab of \$3,000 plus the price of meals for each executive and his wife), was something of a smorgasbord. It mixed Europe's theoretical pedagogy with the case-study methods of U.S. business schools. French and U.S. instructors, including two men from the University of Pittsburgh's Graduate School of Public and International Affairs, delved into everything from the unity of man to the technology gap and international monetary liquidity. Twenty-three business bigwigs lectured as visiting professors, among them, top men from Volkswagen and Renault who explained why their companies have respectively succeeded and failed in the U.S. auto market. There was even a lesson by a white-haired German psychologist, Count Karlfried Von Durekheim, on how to breathe properly—according to the Japanese "Hara" discipline.

Despite some reservations about the arcane portions of the curriculum, most of the class lauded the school. "What I have learned here," said West German Banker Dietrich Herzog, "is that European integration is not only possible but absolutely necessary. Of all Europeans, the French need this sort of exposure the most," said Norwegian Leif Kristoffersen, production manager of Scandinavian Airlines System. "I had always considered Spain a very rigid and autocratic country. But from what the two Spaniards here say, it simply cannot be that sort of place." Such understanding is roughly what Hérel had in mind all along. "We want to make business more human," he says. At mellow Mercuès, with its convivial banter and fireside chats, Hérel figures he has made a good start in that direction.



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MILESTONES

Married. The Rev. Arnold McMahon, 28, British Roman Catholic priest in rebellion against the church's stand on birth control and celibacy; and Elizabeth John, 28, Malaysia-born Chicago secretary whom he met in 1960 while studying at Divine Word Seminary in Illinois, has corresponded with ever since: in a civil ceremony in Sutton Coldfield, England, as a result of which both are excommunicated.

Married. Ralph McGill, 69, courtly, compassionately desegregationist publisher of the Atlanta Constitution, columnist and author (*The South and the Southerner*); and Dr. Mary Lynn Morgan, 46, a children's dentist; he for the second time (his first wife died in 1962), she for the first: in Atlanta.

Married. Alfred A. Knopf, 74, Manhattan book publisher (Freud, Mann, Menckens, Sartre, Updike), who in 1960 sold his firm to Random House for about \$3,000,000, while remaining as board chairman; and Helen Hedrick, 64, sometime novelist (*The Blood Remembers*, which Knopf published in 1941); both for the second time (his first wife died last year; her husband died in 1963); in Rio de Janeiro.

Divorced. By Sheila MacRae, 43, nightclub comedienne and long-suffering but saucer-tongued second TV wife of Jackie Gleason in *The Honeymooners*; Gordon MacRae, 46, pop balladeer and film star (*Oklahoma!*, *Carousel*); by mutual consent on grounds of incompatibility; after 25 years of marriage, four children; in Juarez, Mexico.

Divorced. Louis E. Lomax, 44, Negro author (*The Negro Revolt*), civil rights actionist and TV commentator (KATV in Los Angeles); by Wanda K. Lomax, 34, his third wife; on grounds of mental cruelty; after two years of marriage; in Los Angeles.

Died. Norwood R. Hanson, 42, Yale philosophy professor, onetime Marine fighter pilot and full-time individualist, whose own philosophy of life was that "it is very short and should be lived to the hilt," a proposition he assiduously followed by buying himself a 500-m.p.h. brute of a war-surplus F-8-F Bearcat, in which he buzzed the Yale Bowl and roared aloft in fantastic aerobatics, sometimes before the enthralled crowds at air shows, more often just for the pure, undiluted hell of it; when his Bearcat plowed into a hill 15 miles from Cortland, N.Y., on his way to Ithaca, for a lecture at Cornell.

Died. Henry ("Red") Allen, 59, husky-voiced Negro singer and jazz trumpeter, who started playing the horn at eight in his father's New Orleans marching band, waited his way to fame as a side-

man and soloist with King Oliver, Fletcher Henderson and Louis Armstrong in the 1920s and '30s, later formed his own group, became a fixture at Manhattan's Metropole Café and Newport Jazz Festivals; of cancer; in Manhattan.

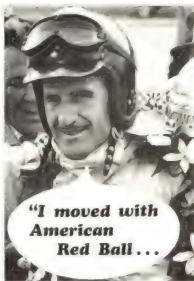
Died. Major General Holger N. Tof- toy, 64, U.S. Army missile expert, who in the closing days of World War II was responsible for taking more than 125 German V-2 rocket scientists (including Werner Von Braun) from the grasp of the Russians, brought them to help rocketeers at U.S. bases, notably the Redstone Arsenal, Huntsville, Ala., which he commanded from 1954 to 1958, and where he led the development of such missiles as the Nike, Corporal, Hawk, Redstone and Honest John; after a long illness; at Walter Reed Army Hospital, Washington, D.C.

Died. Roland J. Thomas, 66, president of the United Auto Workers from 1939 to '46, a tough, tobacco-chewing unionist who fought his way from welder at a Chrysler plant to the top of his union after taking part in the bloody bitter 1937 General Motors and Chrysler strikes, later allowed far-leftists to infiltrate many of his locals, and subsequently lost his job to Walter Reuther after an angry, close-fought election in 1946; of a stroke; in Muskegon, Mich.

Died. Ruth Houghton Axe, 67, economist and financier, the only woman to head a mutual fund, who met her writer-economist husband, Emerson Wirt Axe, while she was assistant editor of the *Annalist*, a financial weekly, in 1932 formed with him E. W. Axe & Co., investment counselors, helped run the firm until his death in 1964, then took the reins herself, directing with boundless energy its four mutual funds and private-investment accounts worth \$500 million from a turreted 45-room Westchester County castle; of a heart attack; in Tarrytown, N.Y.

Died. Charles E. Arnett, 85, president of Socony Vacuum Oil Co. from 1931 to 1935, a brilliant salesman who in 1932 introduced the company's Flying Red Horse as a symbol of speed, power and reliability, later became something of a symbol himself when he was chosen in 1934 to help F.D.R.'s Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes stabilize the industry's chaotic oil prices by pooling arrangements—only to find himself and other oilmen convicted on anti-trust charges four years later when the Government decided they'd gone too far; of a stroke; in Summit, N.J.

Died. Konrad Adenauer, 91, the man who made a new Germany; of influenza and bronchitis; in Rhöndorf, West Germany (see THE WORLD).



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SHOW BUSINESS

MOVIES

The Double Standard

The National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures, which was once called the National Legion of Decency, no longer deserves to be called an old fuddy-duddy. For more than a year now, the N.C.O.M.P. has been taking an increasingly tolerant view of sexual matters on the screen (TIME, Dec. 3, 1965). For example, both *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and *Ulysses* were granted N.C.O.M.P. approval in the A-IV classification—"morally unobjectionable for adults, with reservations."

Still, film-makers have a difficult time figuring out how far they can go without getting into trouble. Only last week, 20th Century-Fox confirmed details of a go-round over their new Doris Day epic, *Caprice*. Seems that N.C.O.M.P. wanted Fox to slice out a 31-sec. strip of film showing Shanghai-born Starlet Irene Tsu in a bikini. Well, not exactly in. In this sequence, Irene dives into a swimming pool, and the impact dislodges the bottom half of her bikini somewhat.

With some \$4 million staked on a family-market product, Fox snipped out the footage—and thanked N.C.O.M.P. for the free advertising. But the studio could not help pointing out that the British-made *Ulysses* got away with displaying the bare bottoms of Buck Mulligan (T. P. McKenna) and Blazes Boylan (Joe Lynch). Well, yes, replied the Rev. Patrick J. Sullivan, N.C.O.M.P.'s director, there is a double standard—but not the one that Fox suggests.

Ulysses got away with it (as did *Zorba the Greek* and *Georgy Girl*) because the buttocks in question were male. "A

brief shot of a male derriere is not going to present a problem to a normal individual," he said. But exposure of the female rear, added Father Sullivan, is "pruriently" stimulating.

TELEVISION

Here's Johnny

After nine days off the air and on the lam, Johnny Carson came home to NBC. All was forgiven. Johnny was for givin' NBC the benefit of his presence if NBC was for givin' him the present of their benefits—that is, a lot more cash and a little more say-so over who runs the Johnny Carson show *Tonight*.

The contractual spat was abuilding before the AFTRA strike confused Carson's position (TIME, April 14). While it was true that he objected to NBC's re-running of his old tapes during the strike, Carson's chief concern was his own future. Some time earlier, he had hired Show Biz Attorney Arnold Grant, to whom he referred on the air half-facetiously as "Louie the Shyster. He used to be prosecuting attorney in the Mafia's kangaroo court." In the demand for a new contract, Grant and Lawyer Louis Nizer reportedly asked for a base salary jump from \$15,000 to \$30,000 a week, plus a hefty cut of the *Tonight* earnings, which run to about \$20 million in advertising billings a year. Sure enough, Carson won a "substantial" (if not 100%) increase and the authority to make some personnel changes. As a result, Producer Art Stark, who ran the program for 43 years, will get a new assignment. However, Carson's brother Dick will stay on as director.

Apart from good lawyers and proven



REAGAN & BISHOP

One four-year contract, anyway.

box-office appeal. Carson had some borrowed leverage working for him—the threat of new competition from the ABC network. Theoretically, ABC's *Jay Byrum Show*, which started last week opposite *Tonight*, was bound to chip away at Carson's audience. After a week's run, it looks as if neither NBC nor Carson has anything serious to worry about.

Introducing Idols. Bishop, himself a first-rate stand-up comic and successful pinch hitter for Carson in the past, could not seem to find his way. Using roughly the same format as *Tonight*, Bishop provided little more than late-hour tedium for viewers. His guests included Buddy Greco and Sonny and Cher. Debbie Reynolds talked about Girl Scouts; Danny Thomas kidded around to little effect. Everybody plugged everybody's newest picture, recording or TV show. Bishop introduced his rabbi and a priest, and kept referring to his jitters, which needed no introduction. Dragging his microphone into the studio audience, he introduced "one of my idols. I promised him that I would not embarrass him by taking a microphone and talking to him, etc., but I know you would never forgive me if I did not acknowledge the presence of one of the great, great stars of all time, Mr. Edward G. Robinson, with his lovely wife."

Earlier, in stilted fashion that hopefully will not become habit-forming, Bishop announced: "It's with a great deal of pleasure that I'm afforded the privilege of having as my first guest, Governor Ronald Reagan." The Governor got off one good line, noting that "I've still got a four-year contract where I am." Bishop responded, poignantly and perhaps prophetically: "You're lucky: I've got only 39 weeks."

The Homelies

FADE IN ON CLOSEUP of worried executive.

Announcer's Voice Off-Screen: Problems? Wondering how to present your product to the consumer? (*Executive nods sadly.*) Let me introduce you to TV's newest and most popular pitchmen: the Homelies. They come in all mishapes and off-sizes. (CUT TO rapid



TSU IN "CAPRICE"

She's a problem—he isn't.



McKENNA IN "ULYSSES"

If you think
our X-31
irons are
great—



wait'll you try the new X-31 woods!

Take the longest wood shot you've ever hit, take out a new X-31 wood and have a go at outdoing yourself. You'll go further down the fairway than ever before. You'll know what's going to happen from the solid "feel" of the club, the solid "click" when it connects with the ball.

Here's why Wilson's new X-31 woods are the most powerful clubs you could own.



Exclusive Strata-Bloc® construction.

The distance secret of Strata-Bloc is all in how Wilson builds it. Layers of select maple strips are bonded together into a single, powerful unit—a club head that's stronger than natural wood. The face insert is Epoloc,® a "miracle" resin. Teamed with Strata-Bloc, you get a "sweet spot" that's packed with dynamite.



Accentuated rocker sole. Wilson has designed the X-31 wood from the ground up with a rocker sole that will get you out of tight lies with more on the ball and less of the turf. Brass sole plates on all the woods add more weight to the hitting area, with more distance for you.

Power-Groove® shafts minimize torque, multiply your chances for accuracy. A vertical ribbed section at the torsion point of each shaft reduces torque, yet maintains the magic Wilson "feel" so essential to accuracy. And all shafts are scientifically engineered to compensate for the change in weight between each individual club head.

Now listen to what's new in the fabulous X-31 Irons.

"Direction Finder" blades, with accentuated rocker soles. Wilson has combined a wider sole



with an accentuated rocker design to concentrate weight at the bottom of the blade. A beveled leading edge lets you "go through" the ball and turf from any kind of lie. With these X-31 irons, you enjoy a great playing advantage!

X-31 shafts are "married" to the irons. Wilson drills through the hosel of each X-31 iron and seats the Power-Groove shaft in the area usually occupied by dead weight. Wilson places this weight in the hitting area, where it really counts.

Order your Wilson X-31 woods and irons from your golf professional shop!

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When they asked,
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industrial giant know about
grocery store selling?" ...the men at Reynolds
showed them
Reynolds Wrap.
That was 20 years and
2 billion packages ago.

Test markets . . . in-store promotion . . . tie-ins . . . shelf facings . . . recipe ideas . . . holiday displays. Strange words to hear around an industrial company. You hear them all the time at Reynolds.

Here is a company, one of the world's largest producers of aluminum, a company that turns out hundreds of thousands of tons of metal yearly for things like skyscrapers, Navy warships, tank cars, electrical cables, and beer cans. Yet, housewives know its name practically as well as their own.

Reynolds Wrap. One of the classic marketing stories, and so well established in American kitchens that most people can't believe it's just 20 years old.

The men at Reynolds introduced it in 1947, when virtually no one had heard of household foil. Yet, in just *three years*, 60% of the homemakers in America were using Reynolds Wrap.

And the market for household foil (and Reynolds Wrap) has grown steadily since then. In fact, since 1955 stores doing 95% of the total grocery business have stocked Reynolds Wrap, a distribution feat seldom matched.

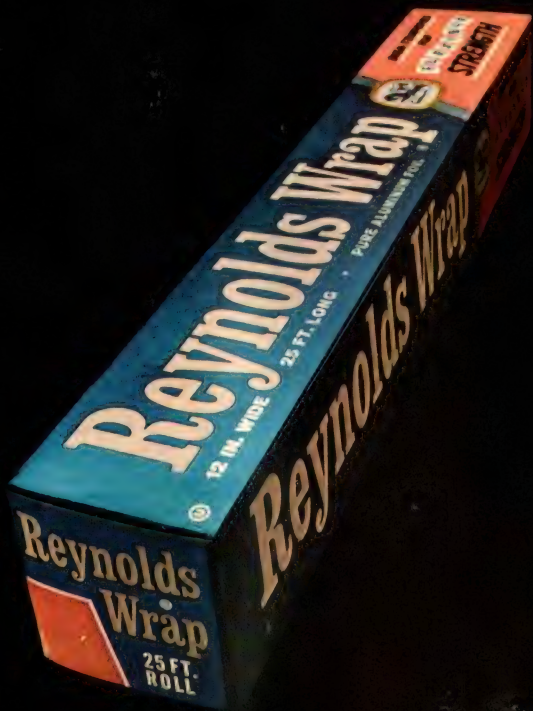
Our point is that the men at Reynolds know their marketing, just as they know their aluminum. And they'll be happy to help you with both—in packaging, architectural, transportation and industrial applications.

Call your man at Reynolds at the local office, or write *Reynolds Metals Company*, P.O. Box 2346-LI, Richmond, Virginia 23218.



REYNOLDS
where new ideas take shape in
ALUMINUM

Watch "The Red Skelton Hour," Tuesdays, CBS-TV



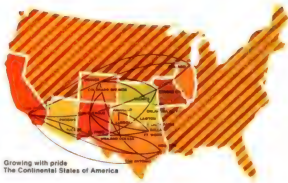
Discover the Continental States of America

If you've never heard of the C.S.A., there's nothing wrong with your geography. Our country is brand new and, in fact, it's not really real.

We just invented it—to show you where our Proud Birds go—and, more important, to show how Continental Airlines is different.

The difference is pride. The pride our people have in their airline is almost patriotic! You feel their pride in everything they do for you, and you feel good. Comfortable. Confident.

The key to all this is found in the motto of the C.S.A., "Semper cum superbia,"



Growing with pride
The Continental States of America

which tells you how we do things...
"Always with pride."

Though the C.S.A. isn't really real, our pride is! It's worth discovering. In the Continental States of America, come travel with us and feel the difference pride makes.

Continental or, better yet, your travel agent can arrange it. He's an expert on unusual new places, including this one. Please call.



Continental Airlines
the proud bird with the golden tail

sequence shots of Homelies' anatomies.) Bulbous noses! Flabby jaws! Weak chins! Retreating hairlines! Bloating waists! They've got everything! Everything that it takes to sell merchandise! Why? (*Executive mouths words why, why, why.*) Because they're real people! They're believable! They're your next-door neighbors, faces on the street, reflections in the bathroom mirror! TV-viewers relate to them! They identify! Get it? (*Executive nods excitedly, rushes off to find nearest Homely.*)

So might run a commercial for HARRIS (Homelies Against Beautifuls in Television Spots). Since the dawn of TV, advertisers have crowded the screen with dashing handsome men and curvaceous lovely women telling the world that Bylee's "little dabb'll do ya" or "Ban takes the worry out of being close." The implication was that if viewers drained their sinus cavities, mopped their floors and swabbed their armpits with the Beautifuls' products, then they too would somehow be Beautifuls. Ugly notion, says John O'Toole of Foote, Cone & Belding. "The younger generation we have today does not respond to the unreal, the phony. This generation has grown up with advertising, seen it all their lives and has developed an enmity with all the beautiful faces thrown at them." Adds Adman Hooper White, of the Leo Burnett Agency: "Today's TV commercials are an outgrowth of the 'new wave' of French films. They encouraged us to get away from stereotypes and start using nonprofessionals."

Putty Face. And so, ad agencies are raiding Central Casting and even scouring the streets to find talented faces that are, as Talent Agent Bill Cunningham puts it, "not offensively attractive." If an actor is cursed with a pretty face, Cunningham advises him to go to casting calls "looking trumpy." But not even messed-up hair and baggy clothes can disguise a Beautiful, and more likely than not the job will go to someone like Douglas Paul, a copywriter-turned-actor who has fat, freckles and a grandiose nose. Among Paul's starring roles: an Arrow Shirt commercial in which he stands stripped to the waist in a Laundromat, takes his wash 'n' wear shirt out



RAE SINGING THE BLAHs
A little drab'll do ya.

of the dryer, nonchalantly puts it on and swaggers out the door through a crowd of ooing, aahing housewives.

In honor of such memorable performances, this year, for the first time, the American TV Commercials Festival is awarding a Clio, the industry's equivalent of an Oscar, to the best actor in a commercial. Among the nominees is plump Charlotte Rae, who does a devastating satire of a nightclub torch singer mugging her way through the new Alka-Seltzer anthem, *I've Got the Blahs*. Easy wit, in fact, is the Homelies' forte. One of the best comic commercials now running features Bill McCutcheon, an inconspicuous little chap with a Silly Putty face who gets carried away by the Greek music in an Olympic Airways jet and dances in the aisle.

Squiggly Mouth. It may look like fun, but making commercials is usually one long, exhausting series of takes and retakes. Philip Bruns recalls the horrors of struggling to twist his squiggly mouth into a satisfied grin as he munched through five quarts of Heinz Kosher Pickles. Howard Mann, a nightclub comic with a Kosher dill nose, once had to sit patiently while makeup men reworked his uneven toes, then ran up and down a steep hill 20 times to celebrate the joys of Tine foot deodorant. During practice takes for one commercial, shimoo-shaped Peter Gumeny strung a hammock between two wooden blocks stuck to the walls with Weldwood Contact Glue, slipped his 240 lbs. into the sling, and then lay helplessly as the blocks separated and he went crashing to the floor.

But the rewards are worth the rigors. If a commercial has a long run, a Homely can make \$7,500 for one day's work; many make more than \$40,000 a year. The competition is sharp, especially since such established Homelies as Wally Cox, Jane Withers, Bert Lahr and Phyllis Diller have mugged their way into the act. A casting call for a street worker, for example, will attract 100 candidates, some lugging along shovels and jackhammers for that authentic look. But in the end, as the Homely homily has it, it's the face that launches a thousand trips to the shopping center.

**If
you
want the
same
ordinary
kind of trip
to Chicago,
don't let us
stop you.**

Because if we stop you at Stouffer's Oakbrook Inn, overnight or for a meeting or convention, you're stopping out of the ordinary. You'll sip sumptuous cocktails. Dine in the Tai Tower Restaurant. And relax in an atmosphere that's pleasantly Far Eastern. With service that's pure Stouffer's. Pure perfection. Come to think of it, that is ordinary at Stouffer's Oakbrook Inn, 2100 Spring Road, Oak Brook, Illinois. Phone Area 312-654-2800.

- Stouffer's University Inn, 3025 Olentangy River Road, Columbus
- Stouffer's Northland Inn, Northland Shopping Center, Detroit
- Stouffer's Louisville Inn, 120 West Broadway, Louisville
- Stouffer's Anacapi Inn, 1901 North Federal Highway, Ft. Lauderdale
- Stouffer's Somerset Inn, 3550 Northfield Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio
- Stouffer's Indianapolis Inn (Opening Spring, 1967)

Stouffer's
SERVING SINCE 1925



MCCUTCHEON LISTENING TO AIRLINE MUSIC
In all off-sizes and shapes.

In 1923
a boy named Sam
said "thanks"

Wittenberg's been saying "thanks" ever since

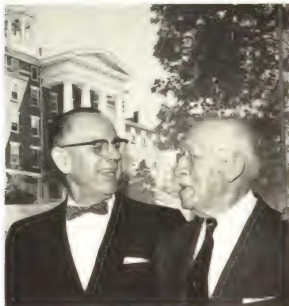
To a poor boy from a Tennessee lumber town, a chance to pursue his interest in electricity seemed an impossible dream. But Sam Hanley found a great teacher and a great friend at Wittenberg University in the early twenties.

Dr. E. O. Weaver, professor of physics, helped Sam to realize his dream and finally, in 1923, arranged the \$200 loan that enabled him to graduate. Since then Sam's work has produced inventions of wide significance.

Sam Hanley has never stopped saying "thanks" to Wittenberg and to Dr. Weaver. Through the years his loan has been repaid 8,000 times over as his gifts to Wittenberg have mounted to more than \$1,600,000.

He is one of the many members of the Wittenberg family—alumni, parents, and friends—who have helped Wittenberg lift itself financially and academically, in its quest for greatness.

This quest has shaped an inspiring faculty, an exciting new curriculum and academic calendar, a rigorous four-year honors program, a growing intercultural program, and a transitional grading



Sam Hanley (left) has honored his benefactor of 44 years ago, Dr. E. O. Weaver, with over \$1,600,000 in gifts to Wittenberg University, Springfield, Ohio.

system for freshmen. It has added 17 buildings 1,300 undergraduate students and \$8,033,327 in endowment since 1951.

Great teaching and great friendships have meant much to Wittenberg in the past. They continue to be important as Wittenberg educates the Sam Hanleys of tomorrow.

Sam believes that a university standing still is a university going downhill. Now serving as honorary chairman of the Greater Wittenberg Fund, he's helping Wittenberg educate tomorrow's leaders. Would you like to join him?



For more information write or call President John N. Stauffer, Wittenberg University, Springfield, Ohio.

Is it true what they say about A.G. Becker & Co.?

They say we have the smartest people and...

Hold it! They are exaggerating somewhat. No single firm has a monopoly on brains. We do have *some* of the smartest people, but won't claim more than our fair share.

They say we're good people to talk to about commercial paper

They say truly. We are one of the country's oldest and largest dealers in the issuance of this advantageous form of Short-Term Money Market Instrument. We can provide substantial funds on short notice, with a minimum of fuss and at low corporate borrowing rates, to major companies with prime credit standing. Conversely, we have helped many companies and institutions put large amounts of their excess cash to work for short periods—one day to nine months.

In addition to safety of principal, commercial paper offers tailor-made maturities and slightly higher yields than other similar instruments. This differential is, in effect, *Found Money*.

They say we play an important role in corporate financing

That we do. Our Corporate Finance Department has managed initial public stock offerings of many well-known companies. Also, our facilities have been employed to good effect by major stockholders in publicly held companies who wish to bring their total investments into better balance by selling part of their holdings. Our nation-wide distribution capability enables us to handle such secondaries smoothly and efficiently without disturbing the market.

They say we are exclusive distributor of FNMA (Fannie Mae) Short-Term Discount Notes

Yes, we are. This unique Money Market Instrument, while somewhat similar to commercial paper, has built-in advantages under many circumstances. We welcome inquiries.

They say we are skilled at private placements

Quite right. It is often possible to avoid the delay, expense and morass of regulatory details which are associated with public financing of debt issues or equity securities. Our special competence and con-

tacts enable us to design and recommend financing plans custom-tailored to specific individual situations, and to follow through by making private placements with institutional investors.

They say we offer a new and unique Retirement Funds Evaluation Service

We do indeed. It provides periodic comparisons of a company's fund performance with funds of similar size—the only measurement, we believe, which is truly meaningful. Already more than 100 corporations, including many of the largest in the country, have subscribed to this service, because they see in it the hope of improved performance, which could lead to reduced costs or increased benefits. Responsible corporate executives would do well to look into the details of this new A. G. Becker service. The man who has them at his finger tips is David D. Peterson, Vice President. Why not write or call him?

They say that individual brokerage accounts do not interest us

Not true. While we do a gratifying volume of business with institutional investors, our large staff of Registered Representatives also caters (the exact word!) to the investment needs of individual clients. Our services include the buying and selling of both listed and unlisted securities; in addition, we carry a select inventory of tax-free bonds, and

participate in major underwritings.

They say our Investment Research is impressively thorough

True. We make no attempt to cover every company whose securities are publicly held. We shun superficiality; the companies we do cover we investigate intensively, and we report on them in depth. Institutions and analytically-minded individual investors find this approach particularly meaningful and helpful.

They say the Man from A. G. Becker is always worth listening to

That is something you can easily discover for yourself. Write or call Lawrence Novak, Vice President, and he'll arrange for a private "listening." It could be one of the most important appointments you ever made.

*The Man
from
A. G. Becker
is always worth
listening to*

A.G. Becker & Co.

INCORPORATED

Investment Bankers since 1893 • Members New York, Midwest and other principal Stock Exchanges

120 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60603 • (312) 372-6100

New York, San Francisco, Boston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, Roseland (Chicago)

BOOKS

Ironical Chronicle

JUST AROUND THE CORNER: A HIGHLY SELECTIVE HISTORY OF THE THIRTIES by Robert Bendiner. 268 pages. Harper & Row. \$6.95.

The central character is Frankenstein Roosevelt, a power-mad, aristocratic cripple whose props are a wheelchair, a cigarette holder and a pile of postage stamps. Among the characters are his five children, members of a dynasty who will some day run the country (or so everybody assumes), and an adviser named Popkins, who is usually dressed in a bathrobe and is really a Russian in disguise. The plot revolves around Frankenstein's attempts to sell the country out piecemeal to the Communists. The play ends happily when That Man dies of what looks like a stroke (actually, the deed is done by a haberdasher named Fatsman who wants to be President).

That is roughly how a Barbara Carson of the 1930s might have written the *Macbird* of that era. As Robert Bendiner's book suggests, the virulent abuse poured on the Roosevelts by a small but vocal portion of the public matches the feelings of today's left toward Lyndon Johnson.

Shiny New Apple. Like a good glass of A.2 beer, popular chronicles of the '30s tend to repeat themselves, and this "highly selective history," combined with personal reminiscences, is no exception. Still, Author Bendiner (*White House Fever*, *Obstacle Course on Capitol Hill*) offers a book as tempting as a shiny new apple, because his account is not oversentimental.

"My father, a man who was clearly ahead of his time, went bankrupt in 1922," writes Bendiner, explaining why there was little about the Depression to depress him. After all, he adds, it was also a time when FORTUNE was saying that the Depression had "solved the eternal domestic-service problem in America." Maids could be hired for as low as \$4 a month plus room and board. "Suburban citizens still solid enough to have gardens that needed care could have them tended for \$1 a week." Not that Bendiner's family had any of those luxuries. Their only fun was buying on the installment plan. The day the Bendiners received a dispossess notice from their Manhattan landlord was also the day they received a regulation-size pool table ordered for the apartment on credit.

Clenched Fists. In his 20s during the '30s, Bendiner managed to find work as a switchboard operator-errand boy-editorial assistant-reporter-managing

editor for a variety of magazines, including *New Masses* and *Nation*. His account of life with the Old Left shows how wise the Communists were in denouncing him as an enemy of the people.

There were the political cocktail parties where dedicated anti-Fascists helped crush Mussolini by ordering martinis without olives, the disenchantment of the Daily Worker reporter who rushed into his office one day yelling, "Hold everything. It's begun. The masses are storming the Amalgamated Bank." Bendiner also describes the struggle to undermine the American



"COME ALONG, WE'RE GOING TO THE TRANS-LUX TO MEET ROOSEVELT."

way of life by slipping working-class propaganda into WPA art projects. "Swarthmore College felt obliged to close up a room in which no fewer than six clenched fists were detected in a WPA mural," Bendiner recalls. "After a mild uproar the room was reopened with three of the fists removed—a fair compromise for the time."

And always, as a kind of counterpoint, there were the attacks on the Roosevelts. One of the gentler assaults, which Author Bendiner wisely reprints, is a priceless parody of Eleanor's "My Day" column by Westbrook Pegler:

"Yesterday morning I took a train to New York City and sat beside a gentleman who was reading the 1937 report of the International Recording Secretary of the World Home Economics and Children's Aptitude and Recreation Foundation of which my good friend, Dr. Mary McTewadde, formerly of Vassar, is the American delegate. This aroused my interest and I ventured to remark that I had once had the

pleasure of entertaining a group of young people who were deeply concerned with the neglected problem of the Unmarried Father. It turned out that the gentleman himself was an unmarried father so we had a very interesting chat until he got off at Metuchen."

Among other things, this book is recommended for Wall Street board rooms. It must be the first ironical chronicle of those times that does not even mention such grim facts as G.M. at 8 and Anaconda at 4.

Is Language Dying?

LANGUAGE AND SILENCE by George Steiner. 426 pages. Atheneum. \$8.

"A man can learn half a dozen professions by reading Zola," says George Steiner. And a man can learn the ground rules to half a dozen academic disciplines by reading Steiner—including the art of how to package 31 essays into an \$8 bundle.

Steiner is one of the few critics today who can make such a package a bargain at almost any price. Born in Paris of Austrian parents and educated in France and the U.S., he is at 38 director of English studies at Cambridge's Churchill College and currently Schweitzer Visiting Professor at N.Y.U. He is also the No. 1 candidate for Edmund Wilson's critical mantle.

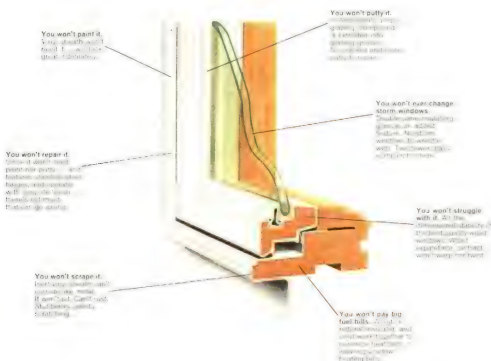
He has all the qualifications and more: astonishing erudition, an edgy style, the wound of Jewishness and a howl of courage. He speaks four languages. He began publishing with two commanding achievements: *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky* (1959) and *The Death of Tragedy* (1961). Now he has found the absolute essential for a critic: a commanding idea. That idea is the breakdown of language. As he puts it, the "syntheses of understanding which made common speech possible no longer work."

Today, Steiner notes, vast domains of meaning are ruled by nonverbal languages such as mathematics or symbolic logic; those who live beyond the veil of science and its mathematical languages inhabit only an "animate fiction."

Dry Springs. The landmarks in modern literature, Steiner says, are works that have pushed language over the precipice of its past—Joyce's *Ulysses*, the poetry of Mallarmé and Rilke. Painting, too, is language, but the modern practitioners are in total rebellion against the "verbal" or meaningful in art. Franz Kline's *Chisel* is a tornado of paint, and nothing can be said about it that is "pertinent to the habits of linguistic sense." Contemporary music also flies from exterior meanings. Language today can deal only with the surfaces of experience. "The rest, and it is presumably the much larger part," says Steiner, "is silence. The space-time continuum of relativity, the atomic structure of all matter, the wave-particle state of energy are no longer accessible through the word. Reality now begins outside verbal language."

The traditional springs of language

This new window doesn't need painting or storm windows. It resists denting and warping. It can't rust or corrode. It makes you wonder...



could this be the perfect window?

"That's for me.
Rush complete
information."



Send FREE, quick! To see to know more about the
Andersen Perma-Shield Windows and Storm Doors.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

New Andersen 
Perma-Shield Windows
Andersen Corporation • Bayport, Minnesota 55004

100

**What's Union Camp
got to do with her
potato pancakes?**



Our hand is in all the ingredients.

Her potatoes came to market in our mesh-window bags. Ditto for the onions which she'll chop in next. Her flour? It arrived in our shipping bags. And she'll even use our waxed

garbage containers to chuck in the peelings.

The retail food business is our biggest customer. And America's biggest consumer industry. It topped \$58 billion last year.

That's no small potatoes.



have gone dry. Fiction, Steiner reports, is alive and hiding—in the land of fact. As Thomas Hardy noticed, "Though a good deal is too strange to be believed, nothing is too strange to have happened." Hence the screaming horrors, outrageous sex fantasies, nightmares of loneliness now faking it as novels. Fiction is either surrendering its majesties to non-fiction or hybridizing with the new languages of symbolic communication. John Hersey's finest book, his seven novels notwithstanding, is still *Hiroshima*. Truman Capote freezes a murderous poetry into *In Cold Blood*. Rachel Carson's *The Sea Around Us* and Lewis Mumford's *The City in History* inherit the grace and freedom of the novel.

Potential of Silence. Significantly, some of the books Steiner admires most draw on other "grammars of perception"—structures taken from music, philosophy or mathematics. Thus Hermann Broch's *The Death of Virgil* (1945), articulates itself as a string quartet. Elias Canetti's *Auto-da-fé* (1946) is a mock-heroic piece of analytical logic. Such works—and Steiner might have added Uwe Johnson's *Speculations About Jakob* and Vladimir Nabokov's *Pale Fire* to his list—declare their own form. They modify "our sense of how meaning may be communicated." Always they carry "a potential of silence, the recognized possibility that literature may be insufficient."

For Steiner, the ax first fell on language and severed it from meaning during the *Walgurnacht* of Nazism. Hitler turned the tongue of Goethe and Heine into a jargon of horror, the bureaucratized of hell. In a terrifying forest of George Orwell's *Newspeak*, "mass murder" translated as "final solution." Steiner asks: "How should the word *spritzen* [to gush forth] recover a sane meaning after having signified to millions the spouting of Jewish blood from knife points?" And the Nazis' downfall did not halt

the world pollution of language. The most totalitarian state in Europe calls itself the German Democratic Republic. Nor is the free world necessarily immune. In the U.S., Shakespeare and the Bible are abbreviated into comic-book balloons, and a study of radioactive fallout is titled *Operation Sunshine*.

New Gods. Sometimes it seems that Steiner overrates the importance of language; but to him the word is the very essence of humanity. He welds philosophy, politics, economics into the ancient Grecian form of criticism—not literary criticism but man criticism. It makes him both exhilarating and frustrating. Sometimes he has to be read backward, into other books and sources. Still, Steiner must know that language is not really dying. The fact of his book denies it. But like religion, language is in search of new gods, prophets or sorcerers. It must have writers who can make the art as "new and outrageous as the morning sun." It also needs physicians like Steiner to diagnose its ills.

Discovering limits, crimes and silences in language is not new. Sixty years ago, Alfred Korzybski, father of general semantics, was subscribing his imaginary animals "cow, cow, cow," to order reality and demonstrate the abstraction of language. Marshall McLuhan (whom Steiner admires) prophesies an Eden of new nonverbal messages for the tube-fed generation. But there is much that is new in George Steiner's work, for he has made himself the devil's advocate in the house of literary intellect—and for this he deserves awesome respect. Perhaps the best defense is still a strong offense.

Guilt über Alles

BROTHERS IN ARMS by Hans Hellmut Kirst. 384 pages. Harper & Row. \$5.95.

In his Gunner Asch tetralogy, West German Novelist Hans Hellmut Kirst explored the soldier's life in Hitler's Wehrmacht, in which he himself had served twelve years, and found a simple point: a dogface is a dogface, even under the sign of the swastika. Asch was a universal type, a latter-day Good Soldier Schweik, the goof-off who confounds every military system.

Having succeeded with satire, Kirst has now joined many of his fellow writers in the thriving literary guilt business. He lectures his German readers on their inexplicable wartime sins. His psychological thriller, *The Night of the Generals*, made into a poor movie (TIME, Feb. 10), was sharpened with moral indignation at the Nazi officer class, which served as Kirst's human symbol for German inhumanity during World War II. Like the earlier book, the present *Brothers in Arms* also has two levels, one occupied by Kirst's story, the other by his sermon.

The story moves at the beat of a beer-garden band. Sixteen years after the war, in the village of Rheine-Bergen,



NOVELIST KIRST

To the beat of a beer-garden band.

six veterans of a Nazi machine-gun squad face the necessity of killing a brother in arms for the second time. Their victim is Michael Meiners, left for dead on the Eastern front while the other squad members deserted before the advancing Russians. Meiners' reappearance menaces the peace of men who have deliberately paved over the past, and his murder is promptly arranged. In case any reader has missed the point, Author Kirst puts it on the tongue of the detective assigned to find Meiners so that his comrades can kill him: "The criminals or accomplices of yesterday," says the investigator, "have lost all consciousness of their guilt or complicity. They've genuinely forgotten."

Kirst's ultimate message is even more unrelenting than that. He specifically places the German spirit beyond redemption: it is a beast, sleeping only between wars, that will stir at any moment to do murder again. Kirst's readers, who beyond any question of guilt or conscience enjoyed the appealing roughness of Gunner Asch, may be disappointed to discover that his creator considers Asch a myth. What is more, they may not agree with that view.

The Distaff Drudge

THE TIME IS NOW by Pearl Buck. 383 pages. John Day. \$6.95.

Pearl Buck, 74, is the most durable of a class of doughty women writers—also including Edna Ferber and Faith Baldwin—who flourished in the '20s and '30s, weathered the '40s, and have been losing much of their audience ever since. They appealed to women who had got the vote and, later, the household appliances that set them free to ponder Womanhood. What they wanted to hear was how tough it all had been, and no one told them more relentlessly than Author Buck, who, in her 32 novels and obsessive memoir writing, has ennobled



CRITIC STEINER

Reality begins beyond the tongue.



LOOK
AT THE

ITC *Citizen* **10**

...before you make a final decision

You will find the quality of the ITC CITIZEN 10, electric adding machine, outstanding. Precision built by CITIZEN WATCH, one of the world's leading watch manufacturers, the compact ITC CITIZEN 10 has the same operating features as more expensive machines. Visit our dealer and try an ITC CITIZEN 10. You'll see that it adds up to savings for you.



ITC *Citizen* **DIVISION**

Inter-continental Trading Corporation
90 WEST STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10006

CITIZEN BUSINESS MACHINE INC.
TOKYO, JAPAN

the distaff drudge while painting a bleak picture of men and marriage.

Pearl Buck's outlook owes more to experience than art. The eldest daughter of missionaries in China, she watched her "God-drunk" father ignore his wife and deprive his children in the name of the Lord, and worse; saw her mother's love for her father turn to silent hatred. In her autobiographical novel *The Time Is Noon*, written over 25 years ago but unpublished until now, it is business as usual in the hard-labor camp by the hearth. The setting is not the Anhwei of *The Good Earth* but a village in Pennsylvania. The young heroine drags from crisis to crisis, her mother's long slow death from cancer, brother's bastard child, sister's orphaned infants, her own hopelessly retarded baby. Men appear in the story only long enough to leave trouble at the door.

The story is told with honesty, steady narrative drive and, occasionally, staggering naiveté. Undertakings like *The Time Is Noon* are mostly therapy for their author, to exorcise a painful past.

Short Notices

WASHINGTON, D.C. by Gore Vidal.
377 pages. Little, Brown. \$6.95

Writing a novel about the capital is like writing one about Hollywood—even truth is parody. In this political fiction, Gore Vidal (*The Best Man*) tries hard to bring the Washington scene of 1937-52 to life, but to little avail.

At the center of the cast is James Burden Day, a Roosevelt-hating conservative Senator from the Southwest and contender for the presidential nomination. The characters, moving woodenly through a familiar plot about political chicanery, include the usual domineering millionaire publisher, the conniving businessman who keeps Senators in his pocket, the venal journalist, the young idealist, the Communist-turned-anti-Communist, and droves of beautiful, compliant women. Almost everyone is a villain, and Vidal seems to dislike his characters even more than the reader is bound to. The author recently observed that American politicians "create illusions and call them facts." *Washington* attempts to dramatize this theme, but it's all an illusion—and that's a fact.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT by Nicholas Roosevelt. 205 pages. Dodd, Mead. \$5.95

The telephone rings in the big house at Sagamore Hill. "Is that you, Archie?" pipes a small boy's voice. "No, this is Archie's father," a man answers. "Oh, well, you'll do," says the small boy. "Tell Archie to be sure to come to supper tonight." Grinning, Archie's dad, the 26th President of the U.S., hangs up the receiver. "How the creatures do order one about," he says.

Teddy Roosevelt not only enjoyed taking telephone messages for his six children, he seemed happiest when playing with kids—particularly the noisy, energetic clan of 16 Roosevelt young

When a baby is born in Denver



...and the waiting room's in Da Nang

Who breaks the news to Father? We do—and we'll track him to his jungle bivouac to do it. Bringing home just a little closer is a Red Cross specialty. Just one of the many services your Red Cross performs that helps to brighten the lives of our fighting men in Vietnam. We need your support. **The American Red Cross.**

help
us
help



Harvest day meant a much bigger guest list...yesterday

Harvest day in times past meant a straining and striving against time, heat, wind, sun, and rain, by as many strong arms and backs as could be called upon to get the job done.

Man was an extension of such crude tools as he had. The crop was won only by the most exhausting effort.

Today, the machine extends the man—multiplying his capacity to produce.

Today, with 64% fewer man-hours, total farm output has increased 53% from as recent a year as 1924 . . . increased to an output valued at more than *40 billion dollars per year*, making American agriculture one of the largest single industries in our country. And one of the most efficient.

How did it get that way?

Through the ingenuity and resourcefulness of the farmer and his working partners—the *farm equipment builders*, in replacing

physical labor with technology and machines.

Underlying this phenomenon is the material that made it all possible—*steel*. Steel for the tractors, balers, combines, crop pickers, milking equipment . . . steel for the unique new bale throwers, fruit tree trimmers, and vegetable harvesters. Steel for the buildings, and silos, and for the equipment within them.

Since the advent of the steel plow, this "revolution on the farm" has gained momentum—as proved by the fact that half this century's increase in farm output has come in the last 15 years!

Tomorrow, the farmer and his partners will be called upon to perform even greater miracles of production, worldwide, to feed a fantastically growing populace.

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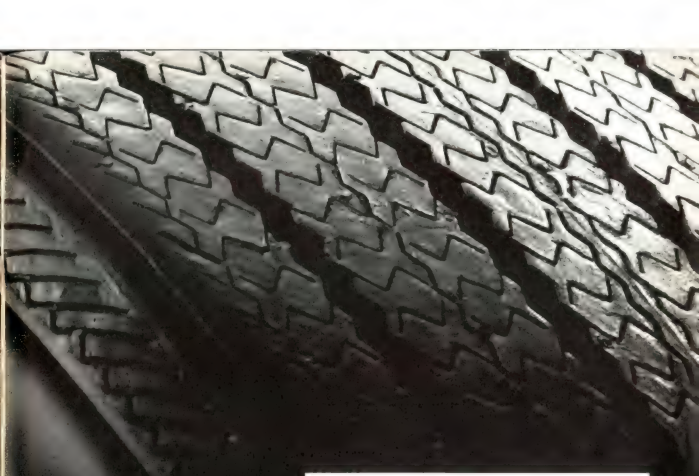
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SOCCER WITH T.R. AT SAGAMORE HILL
Archie's dad would do.

cousins who congregated in the summers at his sprawling house on Long Island's Oyster Bay. He loved to lead them on cross-country hikes, and if he climbed over a huge log or waded through a muddy pond, each child was expected to do the same. When one wet and bedraggled little Roosevelt tried to explain to her angry mother that she merely had followed the leader, the mother snapped: "Just because your cousin Theodore behaves like an idiot is no reason why you should behave like an idiot!"

Such childhood reminiscences are the best part of this slight memoir by Nicholas Roosevelt, whose father James West Roosevelt was T.R.'s first cousin and closest friend. While he brings no new insights on T.R., the author, now 73, nevertheless contributes to history by setting down recollections that nobody else could have supplied.

THE PURLOINED PAPERWEIGHT by P. G. Wodehouse. 188 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$4.50.

The publishers profess to be perplexed about whether this is 85-year-old Author Wodehouse's 70th or 80th or maybe even 90th book. No use trying to count, they say, because in Wodehouse's puzzling world, as in Einstein's, one and one don't always add up to two. Quite true. Old Wodehouse-masters know it is equally fruitless to try to unravel the plot in one of his potty idylls. In this book, he sets out to tell the tale of a cuckoo American millionaire's efforts to steal an 18th century paperweight from an English manor house. What he also does in his incomparable way is to prove that, for a fellow who started effervescing back in the Edwardian era, he has a lot of bubble left in him yet. In fact, his fans will find that this book leaves P.G. about where he was before: one of the funniest writers of this and bygone times.



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